The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Sir Conan Doyle has finished his history of the Boer War. The work now runs to nearly 800 pages, and the price will be raised to 10s. 6d. It will be published on October 9th, the third anniversary of the declaration of war.

Mr. Neil Munro's new novel, "Children of the Tempest," will begin in *Blackwood's Magazine* in the autumn. The scene is laid in the Hebrides.

Mr. Richard Whiteing's novel will bear the title "The Yellow Van," and will deal with the country, as "John Street" dealt with the town. It will be published first as a serial in the *Century Magazine* in New York, beginning in November next, and ultimately, though not of course this season, as a volume in England and in the United States.

One of the most interesting of the autumn books will be a reprint of Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," no revised or critical edition of which has appeared since Lockhart's, twenty years ago. The new issue, which by means of variorum notes added to Lockhart's, traces the different versions of the ballads, and shows Sir Walter's alterations, is edited by Mr. T. F. Henderson. Messrs. Blackwood are the publishers.

We understand that Mr. John Buchan, Lord Milner's Private Political Secretary, has in contemplation a volume of South African studies; though at present his duties in connection with the repatriation of the Boer prisoners leaves him little time for literary work.

Mr. Heinemann will have ready for publication in September one of the volumes of Messrs. Garnett and Gosse's Illustrated History of English Literature. This work, we understand, will be magnificently illustrated.

A hitherto unpublished manuscript by Robert Southey will be published by Mr. Heinemann during the coming autumn. It will be entitled "A Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands in the Autumn of 1815."

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. are publishing towards the end of October the last work by Matthew Arnold which will ever be issued. It will contain extracts from a number of his Note-Books, largely made up of quotations from his favourite authors, etc.

The first volume of the new uniform edition of Ruskin's Works will be "Unto this Last," and will be issued on October 21st, price two guineas.

Mr. Frankfort Moore's new novel, "Castle Omeragh," will, after it has run its serial course, be published in March of next year by Messrs. Constable and Co.

Sir Conan Doyle expects to write some six or eight adventures of Brigadier Gerard, enough to make a small book as sequel to "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard."

The remarkable series of papers appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the general title "On the Heels of De Wet," are to be issued in volume form at an early date. The author hides his identity—for those who cannot discover it from the papers themselves—under

From Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*
A NEW PORTRAIT OF SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

the nom-de-guerre of "The Intelligence Officer." His articles have fallen like a series of bombshells into official circles in South Africa.

Professor Saintsbury has seen through the press the second volume of his important work, "A History of Criticism." The period covered by it is "from the Renaissance to the decline of Eighteenth Century Orthodoxy."

Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish this autumn Mr. G. W. E. Russell's memoir of Canon Shuttleworth.

The Earl of Ronaldshay's book, "Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky," is to be published by Messrs. Blackwood in the first week in September. It recounts adventures in the Highlands of Kashmir, and a perilous journey across the Himalayas never before undertaken by a white man in mid-winter, and describes the overland journey from Simla to London, *via* Quetta and Sistun, Birjand, Meshed, and the Caspian. Lord Ronaldshay is an expert photographer, and his book is profusely illustrated from his own camera.

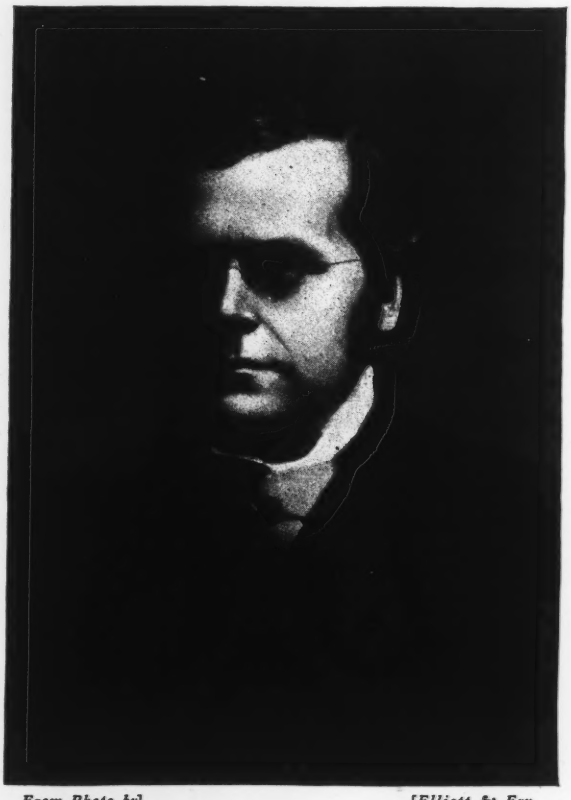
Mr. Heinemann hopes to publish at an early date the first volume of a handsome edition of the novels of Samuel Richardson, for which Mr. Austin Dobson has written a prefatory note, and Mr. W. L. Phelps, M.A., a Life and Introduction. A limited edition of 375 numbered copies only will be printed. Three hundred and fifty sets are to be sold at ten guineas net, and twenty-five sets on Dutch hand-made paper, with the photogravures in duplicate and hand-coloured, at twenty guineas net. The novels will be complete in twenty octavo volumes, and will contain a large number of illustrations, facsimiles, etc.

Mr. Harper will have another of his delightful "Road" books ready in November. It will be entitled "The Cambridge Road."

The Irish literary movement proceeds apace. Lady Gregory, whose version of the Cuchulain cycle of myths has been most successful, is at work upon a similar volume dealing with Finn, the other Irish hero. Lady Gregory has also in preparation a volume of essays on Irish literature. Mr. W. B. Yeats will also probably publish a volume in the autumn season, and he is now working on the "Faerie Queen." The managers of the Irish Literary Theatre hope to have a busy winter in Dublin.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's new novel, "Thompson's Progress," will be published on October 1st, by Mr. Grant Richards. We understand that the story has aroused great interest in Yorkshire business circles, where Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is well known.

Mr. George Seton, the veteran archæologist, whose "Scottish Heraldry" is still the standard work on the subject, will shortly issue a new edition of his



From Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*
THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C.,
whose new book on Hazlitt in the English Men of Letters Series is attracting much attention.

volume of stories, mainly illustrating Scottish life and character. The book was originally published many years ago, and it achieved a very considerable success. Mr. Seton's grandson, Mr. R. W. Seton-Watson, is the author of the recently published Stanhope Essay on the Emperor Maximilian.

Mr. Heinemann will publish, probably in October, a book by Hesketh Pritchard, called "Through the Heart of Patagonia." The work will contain some twenty illustrations by J. G. Millais, many of them in colour, and also a large number of pictures reproduced direct from photographs taken on the spot.

"A Woman's Wanderings" is the title of a new work by Ethel Colquhoun, to be published by Mr. Heinemann during September.

Professor A. J. Butler has written an Introduction to Dr. Karl Federn's "Dante and His Times," which Mr. Heinemann will publish in the early autumn.

A volume of sea stories by Mr. Morley Roberts will be issued in the spring.

The simultaneous production of two large Lives of Dumas père suggests that there is some revival of interest in the personality and works of the great French romancist. Is it so, or is this only one more illustration of the waste of competition in the literary field? Mr. Davidson and Messrs. Constable have taken time by the forelock; but Mr. H. A. Spurr and Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. will be only a few days behind. The delay, primarily due to the necessity of safeguarding the American edition, which will be produced by the Stokes Company, has enabled Mr. Spurr to add some interesting material gathered, especially at Villar-Cotterets, during the recent Centenary fêtes. The volume will be handsomely illustrated, and will be particularly valuable for its bibliographical appendices.

MR. A. F. POLLARD,
whose monograph on Henry VIII. is reviewed on another page by Mr. Thomas Seccombe.
From Photo by Moyse, Putney.

From Photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*
THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. HENRY NORMAN, M.P.,
whose important work, "All the Russias," is reviewed in this issue by Dr. E. J. Dillon.

The case of Dumas recalls that of Charles Reade, of whom also no adequate Life has yet been forthcoming—for Mr. Compton Reade's book, the only attempt yet made, cannot be called adequate from any point of view. This lack is now to be met in a way which promises a double satisfaction. Mr. John Coleman, who is at work on a memoir which will probably be entitled "The Romance of Charles Reade," is not only one of the few intimate friends of the author of "It's Never Too Late to Mend" now surviving, he is himself an exceedingly interesting personality, a *conteur* of the old school, a novelist, who has been able to return in a racy, virile style something of what he owes, as a veteran actor, to the old masters of literature. Reade's life was one long romance, and it is possible now to speak more fully of it than has been possible hitherto. Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Co. will publish Mr. Coleman's book, to which we shall look forward with great interest.

Considering the large and steady interest which the stage excites, it is surprising how few books there are that give the layman any real enlightenment as to the actor's life. Serious books on the drama are notoriously unfortunate; but playland surely offers abundant material for the novelist. Whether "The Letters of an Actress," which Mr. Edward Arnold has near the point of publication are fiction or real history, is not

stated, and there is not even a pseudonym to give a clue to the authorship. But those who have seen an advance copy of the book declare it to be a wonderfully fine psychological study of the career of an actress from girlhood to maturity, and boldly prophesy for it one of the big successes of the autumn season.

Mr. Heinemann will publish, under the title "Thews of England," a volume of powerful sea stories, by Mr. Patrick Vaux, who has hitherto been known only in the reviews and magazines, and in a volume translated from the Swedish.

A South African novel, "Marina de la Rey," by a well-known Natal lady, Mrs. Moor ("Colonia"), will be issued very shortly by Messrs. Digby, Long.

Miss Betham-Edwards has a new volume of French travel-sketches, "East of Paris," in the press. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are the publishers, and M. Detmold has done some delightful colour-pictures for the book.

Mr. Richard Davey is at work on two large books, the subjects of which are respectively Lady Jane Grey and Lucrezia Borgia.

Mr. Harold Tremayne, who has written three successful novels—"Dross," "Shears of Fate," and "Reminiscences of a Gentleman Horsedealer"—in the last two years—has given up the managing-directorship of Messrs. Treherne, and will devote himself wholly to writing.

Mr. Heinemann is to publish in the immediate future "If I were King," by Justin Huntly McCarthy. The book will appear the day after the play is produced at the St. James's Theatre.

The Duchess of Sutherland's volume of stories will be issued early in September, under the title "The Winds of the World."

Mr. Heinemann will publish towards the end of September an important travel book, entitled "A Voyage up the Orinoco," by Senor Perez Triana, a well-known man of affairs in South America, who at present, owing to political troubles, is living in Spain.

Frances Forbes Robertson (Mrs. Harrod) has written a novel called "Mother Earth," which Mr. Heinemann will publish in September.

We hear that great things are expected of "The Sheepstealers," a new novel by Mr. Jacob, which Mr. Heinemann has just published. It is a description of English life on the borders of England and Wales some hundred years ago, and recreates the period in a very remarkable manner.

Messrs. Blackwood will add this autumn a volume on "Italy and the Italians" to their series of illustrated travel books. The author is Mr. Edward Hutton, whose novel, "Frederick Uvedale," attracted a great deal of attention last year by its Italian setting. Mr. Hutton is just completing a new story.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

JULY 21ST TO AUGUST 20TH, 1902.

Notwithstanding the somewhat adverse holiday weather, the public appear to be very much out and abroad, for very little reading is being done, and although the present is usually a period of marking time in the book trade, the slackness is evidently more noticeable than is customary; indeed, it is somewhat difficult to imagine what the position of the trade would be were it not that, in spite of fluctuation, a steady demand is experienced for the 6s. novel.

Of this class the output during the month has been very small, but a number of already favourite works have continued to attract a goodly number of purchasers, and in several cases have had an increased popularity. Amongst the most successful have been "The Mystery of the Sea," by Bram Stoker; "Love with Honour," by Marriott; and "An English Girl in Paris." "The Conquest of Charlotte," "Papa," and "A Wilful Woman" have also sold freely.

The already popular series of "English Men of Letters" is now appearing in a new dress, and several of the volumes have been in almost constant request, notably the lives of Arnold, George Eliot, and Hazlitt.

Theological works are not usually much in favour at this time of the year, but the exception in this case to the rule is Dr. Fairbairn's "Philosophy of the Christian Religion," which has continued to attract a wide circle of the more thoughtful public, and has undoubtedly been one of the most successful items of the month.

Many of the volumes in the various pocket libraries have moved briskly, more especially those of Dickens, George Eliot, and Meredith, and although the two former have been before the public in various popular editions for such a length of time, they are now considerable rivals to present-day authors. A recent account of the life and works of Dickens, by F. G. Kitton, has been remarkably well received.

"Priests and People in Ireland," a companion volume to the well-known "Five Years in Ireland," and by the same author, has rapidly run through a large number.

With the well-nigh universal use of the camera it may be expected that many handbooks to photography are in evidence, and the sale in these has been very good, Lund's "Photography for Novices" being especially popular.

As we close this report orders are still coming in freely for the forthcoming work by Marie Corelli.

The sale of Guide Books has lessened considerably during the past month, but certain of the volumes in the "Thorough" and "Way About" Series are still in request.

A great falling off in the demand for the sixpenny reprint has been noticeable, and although we are at the height of the holiday season, when this class is usually so popular, the orders, in comparison with the previous month, have been very small.

Amongst the magazines little alteration is noticeable, and in consequence of the Coronation events the sale in illustrated periodicals has been of considerable importance.

The following is a list of the best selling books of the month:—

The Mystery of the Sea. By Bram Stoker. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Conquest of Charlotte. By D. S. Meldrum. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Love with Honour. By C. Marriott. 6s. (Lane.)
An English Girl in Paris. 6s. (Lane.)
A Wilful Woman. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Long.)

Papa. By Mrs. Williamson. 6s. (Methuen.)
Philosophy of the Christian Religion. By A. M. Fairbairn. 12s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Priests and People in Ireland. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 7s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
Various volumes of pocket-library editions.
Lund's Photography for Novices. 1s. net. (Butcher.)
Jim Twelves, A.B. By W. F. Shannon. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
Lady Beatrix. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)
Being and Doing. 2s. 6d. net. (Howell.)
Several of the volumes in E.M.L. series.
Dickens (Charles) Life and Works. By F. G. Kitton. 5s. net. (T. C. Jack.)
Various Guide Books to Home Resorts.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
July 26—Quiet in all departments.
Aug. 2—Unsettled in home trade, but brisk in export.
" 9—Still very slack.
" 16—A slight improvement in both home and Colonial trade.

(2) SCOTLAND.

JULY 19TH TO AUGUST 20TH, 1902.

The principal features of the month's business were the large sale of illustrated papers in connection with the Coronation, the orders placed for educational works on account of the re-opening of the schools, and the brisk requests from all the districts frequented by tourists for fiction of all kinds.

Guide books, travelling maps, and souvenirs bulked largely in the general business done, and, as usual, the sixpenny novel was conspicuous everywhere.

Although far from flattering to Scotchmen, Mr. Crosland's "Unspeakable Scot" gained popularity throughout the country, and probably the leading six shilling novel was "The Mystery of the Sea," by Bram Stoker. Other six shilling novels prominent in the month's business were—"Holy Matrimony," by Dorothea Gerard; "The New Christians," by Percy White; "Love with Honour," by Charles Marriott; "The Conquest of Charlotte," by D. S. Meldrum; "Stronger than Love," by Mrs. Alexander; and "The Mill of Silence," by Bernard Capes.

Many orders were placed by the trade for the following forthcoming volumes—Marie Corelli's "Temporal Power" and H. Seton Merriman's "The Vultures." The interest excited by the former was remarkable, and quite as great as that in any other work by Marie Corelli.

As was to be expected, there was much interest shown in the new edition of Sir Frederick Treves' "Tale of a Field Hospital."

At three shillings and sixpence, "Jim Twelves," by W. F. Shannon; "A Double Barrelled Detective Story," by Mark Twain; and "Between Ourselves," by Max O'Rell, were the popular books. Two descriptive books dealing with widely different subjects continued to sell readily—"The Night Side of London," by R. Machray, and "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett, the latter especially attracting the attention of American tourists to the Scottish borders. In the "World's Classic Series" Mr. Crosland's volume of "English Songs and Ballads" had a good sale, and in the new series of "English Men of Letters" the volume of "William Hazlitt" was readily taken.

The sixpenny reprints of popular works prominent in the month's trade were:—"East Lynne," by Mrs. H. Wood; "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore; "Robert Orange," by J. O. Hobbes; "A Cabinet Secret," by Guy Boothby; "Prisoner of Zenda," by A. Hope; and "Auld Licht Idylls," by J. M. Barrie.

As usual at this season there were very large magazine sales, and several of the more popular monthlies early passed out of print.

The following is our list of best selling books:—

The Unspeakable Scot. By T. W. H. Crosland. 5s. (Richards.)
The Mystery of the Sea. By Bram Stoker. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Holy Matrimony. By Dorothea Gerard. 6s. (Methuen.)
The New Christians. By Percy White. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Love with Honour. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Lane.)
The Conquest of Charlotte. By D. S. Meldrum. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Stronger than Love. By Mrs. Alexander. 6s. (Unwin.)
The Mill of Silence. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Long.)
Tale of a Field Hospital. By Sir Fred. Treves. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)
The Night Side of London. By R. Machray. 6s. (Macqueen.)
The Scott Country. By W. S. Crockett. 6s. (Black.)
Jim Twelves. By W. F. Shannon. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
The Conqueror. By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Sea Lady. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Methuen.)
Five Years' Tryst. By Walter Besant. 6s. (Methuen.)
English Songs and Ballads. By T. W. H. Crosland. 1s. (Richards.)
Coronation Numbers of the *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Madame*, and the *Gentlewoman*.

Sixpenny Editions.

East Lynne. By Mrs. Henry Wood.
Lorna Doone. By R. D. Blackmore.
Robert Orange. By J. O. Hobbes.
A Cabinet Secret. By Guy Boothby.
Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope.
Auld Licht Idylls. By J. M. Barrie.

The Booksellers' Diary.

SEPTEMBER.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

September 6th.

MENPES, MORTIMER—World Pictures, 20/- net *A. and C. Black*
CONE, DR. ORELLO—Rich and Poor in the New Testament, 6/- *A. and C. Black*
CHARLES, PROF. R. H.—Book of Jubilees, 15/- net *A. and C. Black*
WODEHOUSE, P. G.—The Pothunters, 3/6 ... *A. and C. Black*
HOPE, ASCOTT R.—All Astray, 3/6 ..... *A. and C. Black*
HOPE, ASCOTT R.—Black and Blue (New Edition), 5/- *A. and C. Black*
CLEEVE, LUCAS—The Purple of the Orient, 6/- ..... *John Long*

September 8th.

SERGEANT, ADELINE—The Future of Phyllis, 6/- ... *John Long*
MEADE, L. T.—The Confessions of a Court Milliner, 6/- *John Long*
SELLON, E. MILDRED—Only a Kitten, and Other Stories, 3/6 *Fisher Unwin*
WALLIS, C. E.—The Life and Death of King Henry II., 4/6 net *Fisher Unwin*

September 10th.

DOYTAN, G. F., and I. MORGAN—Kids of Many Colours, 6/- *Pearson*
Pearson's Humorous Reciter, 2/6 ..... *Pearson*
VAUGHAN, LIEUT.-COL.—St. George and the Chinese Dragon, 3/6 ..... *Pearson*
CADETT, HERBERT—Boy's Book of Battles, 5/- ..... *Pearson*
CAMERON, MRS. LOVETT—Midsummer Madness, 6/- *John Long*
GARNETT, WILLIAM TERRELL—The Fooling of Don Jaime, 6/- ..... *John Long*

NEW EDITIONS.

MEADE, MRS. L. T.—The Rebellion of Lil Carrington, 3/6 *Cassell*
MEADE, MRS. L. T.—A Sweet Girl Graduate, 3/6 ..... *Cassell*
MEADE, MRS. L. T.—Polly: A New-Fashioned Girl, 3/6 *Cassell*
MEADE, MRS. L. T.—A World of Girls, 3/6 ..... *Cassell*
MEADE, MRS. L. T.—Red Rose and Tiger Lily, 3/6 ..... *Cassell*

September 11th.

BENNETT, ARNOLD—Anna of the Five Towns, 6/- *Chatto and Windus*
McCARTHY, JUSTIN—Mononia (New Edition), 3/6 *Chatto and Windus*
PHIPSON, DR. E. L.—Confessions of a Violinist, 5/- *Chatto and Windus*

NORRIS, W. E.—The Credit of the County, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
BURTON, J. BLOUNDELLE—The Fate of Valsec, 6/- ... *Methuen*

September 12th.

MAGNAY, SIR WILLIAM—The Man of the Hour, 6/- *Ward, Lock*
MEE, HUAN—Weaving the Web, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*
CARREL, FREDERIC—The Progress of Pauline Kessler, 6d. *John Long*

September 13th.

WEYMAN, STANLEY J.—The Kings' Byways, 6/- *Smith, Elder*

September 15th.

FOWLER, ELLEN THORNEYCROFT—Fuel of Fire, 6/- *Hodder*
TRAILL, H. D., AND J. S. MANN (Editors)—Social England. Vol. 3. (New Edition.) 14/- net ..... *Cassell*
LYALL, DAVID—Another Man's Money, 3/6 *Religious Tract Soc.*
ALCOCK, DEBORAH—Under Calvin's Spell, 3/6 *Religious Tract Soc.*
GREY, CYRIL—For Crown and Covenant, 3/6 *Religious Tract Soc.*
EVERETT-GREEN, E.—Alwyn Ravendale, 3/6 *Religious Tract Soc.*
GIBERNE, AGNES—Stories of Abbey Precincts, 3/6 *Religious Tract Soc.*
THORNE, EGLANTON—The Blessedness of Irene Farquhar, 2/6 *Religious Tract Soc.*
KEITH, LESLIE—A Scots Thistle, 2/6 ...*Religious Tract Soc.*
HACK, JULIA—David and Jonathan, 2/- *Religious Tract Soc.*
JOHNSON, HENRY—A Book of Heroes, 2/- *Religious Tract Soc.*
SLADE, B. E.—Aneal's Motto, 1/6 ..... *Religious Tract Soc.*
LISSAGARAY, FROM THE FRENCH OF—History of the Commune of 1871, 8/6 net ..... *Fisher Unwin*
RICHINGS, EMILY—In Chaucer's Maytime, 6/- ... *Fisher Unwin*

September 17th.

Ballads of the Boer War, 3/6 net ..... *Grant Richards*
PENFIELD, EDWARD—The Big Book of Horses and Goats, 6/- *Grant Richards*
CROSLAND, T. W. H. (Editor)—Grant Richards' Children's Annual, 1902-3, 5/- ..... *Grant Richards*
WHELER, DORIS L.—The Treasure of the Castle, 2/6 *Grant Richards*
HUNTER, RICHARD, AND RUTH COBB—Dollies (Dumpy Series), 1/6 ..... *Grant Richards*
THACKERAY, W. M.—The Rose and the Ring (Larger Dumpy Series), 2/6 ..... *Grant Richards*
Boy's Own Annual, 8/- ..... *Religious Tract Soc.*
Girl's Own Annual, 8/- ..... *Religious Tract Soc.*
Child's Companion, 1/6 and 2/- ..... *Religious Tract Soc.*
Our Little Dots, 1/6 and 2/- ..... *Religious Tract Soc.*
The Cottager and Artisan, 1/6 and 2/- ..... *Religious Tract Soc.*

September 18th.

GUTTENBERG, VIOLET—Neither Jew nor Greek, 6/- *Chatto and Windus*
BRET HARTE—Condensed Novels (New Series), 3/6 *Chatto and Windus*
MEADE, L. T.—A Stumble by the Way (New Edition), 3/6 *Chatto and Windus*
BESANT, SIR WALTER—East London (New Edition), 7/6 *Chatto and Windus*
BANKS, E. L.—The Autobiography of a Newspaper Girl, 6/- *Methuen*
BEGBIE, HAROLD—The Adventures of Sir John Sparrow, 6/- *Methuen*
LAWLESS, HON. E.—With Essex in Ireland, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

September 19th.

PREVOST, FRANCIS—The Plague of the Heart, 6/- *Ward, Lock*
MILES, EUSTACE H.—Tennis and Racquets, 5/- ... *Ward, Lock*
INMAN, H. ESCOTT—The Admiral and I, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*

September 20th.

WALKER, WILLIAM S. ("Coo-ee")—Zealandia's Guerdon, 6/- *John Long*

September 22nd.

RUSSELL, GAMIER—When Spurs were Gold, 6/- ... *George Allen*
BLOOM, REV. J. H.—Stratford-on-Avon Church, 7/6 net *Fisher Unwin*
GUARRACINO, BEATRICE—"Please, M'm, the Butcher," 6/- net ..... *Fisher Unwin*

September 24th.

WESTCOTT, E. N.—David Harum (Presentation Edition), 7/6 *Pearson*
TRACY, LOUIS—The Wooing of Esther Gray, 6/- ..... *Pearson*
ALDERSON, B.—Andrew Carnegie, 2/6 ..... *Pearson*
HOWARD, F. V.—Etiquette for Men, 1/- ..... *Pearson*
BESANT, SIR WALTER—No Other Way, 6/- *Chatto and Windus*
MITFORD, BERTRAM—Hilary Blachland (New Edition), 3/6 *Chatto and Windus*
BRET HARTE—A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, 2/- *Chatto and Windus*
CARLYLE, THOMAS—Sartor Resartus (World's Classics), 1/- and 2/- ..... *Grant Richards*
SWIFT, JONATHAN—Gulliver's Travels (World's Classics), 1/- and 2/- ..... *Grant Richards*
AMES, MRS.—Wonderful England; or, The Happy Land, 3/6 *Grant Richards*
GARLAND, HAMLIN—The Captain of the Grey-Horse Troop, 6/- *Grant Richards*
Peter Piper's Practical Principles (Dumpy Series), 1/6 *Grant Richards*
STAWELL, MAUD—About Fairies, and Other Facts (Larger Dumpy Series), 2/6 ..... *Grant Richards*
ALLISTON, NORMAN—Unpopular Papers (Essays), 3/6 *George Allen*
BUTLER-STONEY, T. (Illustrator)—The Old Man who Lived in a Wood, 3/- ..... *George Allen*
WILMOT-BUXTON, REV. H. J.—Common Life Religion, 5/- *Skeffington*
FALLOWES, REV. J. P.—The King's Fountain, 5/- ...*Skeffington*
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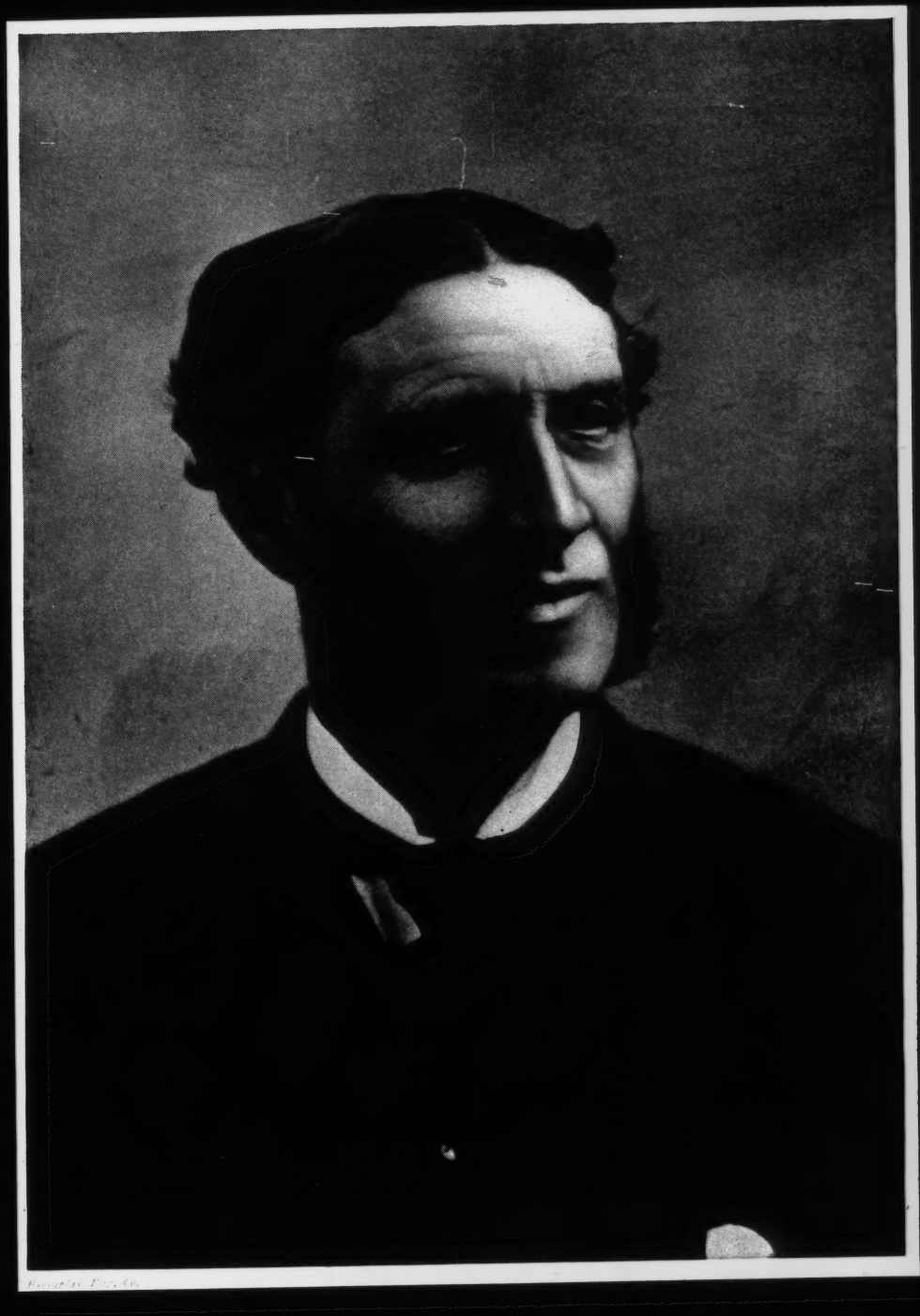


The Reader.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

CYNICS and other persons who suffer from a certain ignorance of human life, have at the back of their minds one curiously fixed idea, the idea that there is in the world a class consisting of what they call ordinary people. They believe that some thousands of black-hatted city men, all exactly alike, come up on recurrent mornings, all exactly alike, from villas exactly alike to offices exactly alike. They seem to think that the people who assemble in literary salons are the only people who have any individuality. As a matter of fact, of course, there are no ordinary people. To the modern artist all city men look alike, just as to the Englishman all Chinamen look alike, and to the Chinaman all Englishmen look alike. In reality every one of them is distinct. If we stopped each of the clerks that pour out of a Mansion House train, we should find that the first one collected Roman coins, and the second one had fought with burglars, and the third thought he was going mad, and the fourth thought (erroneously) that he was sane, and the fifth was a Theosophist, and the sixth was in love. There are quite as many varieties of fools in the world as there are clever men, and the fools are very often infinitely more healthy and interesting. There is no plain background in real life; every detail of it springs forward graphically and assertively as it does in a coloured photograph or a picture by Holman Hunt. The only real fault which defaced the splendid work of Matthew Arnold was a failure to realise this fact, that ordinary people do not exist. Mr. Herbert Paul, in his excellent book on Matthew Arnold, recently published in the English Men of Letters series, points out, with singular trenchancy and truth, that Matthew Arnold classed people far too much in his estimate of England, that in speaking of Barbarians and Philistines and Populace he left out a million cliques and twenty million individuals. "Caste," says Mr. Herbert Paul, "is a reality. Class is a fiction." Mr. Herbert Paul does not carry this criticism beyond the one question of Matthew Arnold's division of the English nation into three social grades. But this tendency of the great critic runs very deep in his work; we cannot help feeling that he took an unconscious advantage of the fact that it is so easy to say the last word about a crowd, and so difficult to say even the first word about one of the men in it. He made great sport of the Nonconformists and their tea-drinkings and evening lectures. But he forgot how imperious and illusive is the mysterious spirit of happiness, and that with a healthy humility, a healthy vanity, and a good digestion, it is possible to have about ten times more of the everlasting *joie de vivre* at a Baptist meeting than at all the Pagan festivals of the earth.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.
From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

But this point of individualism and personal variety, which is the only point which this great philosopher underrated, is a point which, as it happens, it is very necessary to remember in connection with his own work. He was peculiarly a writer who sought to say the true thing on almost all subjects. A man may (though the event is improbable) be truthful on all subjects, but he cannot possibly hope to be original on all subjects. Every man differs from every other man, but he differs only in one or two points. Our imaginary clerk who was a Theosophist would probably think very much like other people on the subject of the Dreyfus case or the sandwiches at a railway station. The man who imagined himself to be sane would on every other question be in agreement with his friends. And the only real and honourable object of criticism is to discover in any great man, or, for the matter of that, in any ordinary man, precisely this unique feature, this one marvel which is without parallel in the world. Unless we have discovered this about a man our most powerful criticism is less than nothing and vanity. We have searched with dazzling searchlights, and crushed under Herculean invective every other trait and principle and peculiarity that he had; we are still only making war against his refuse; we are seeing the Mansion House clerk, but not the man. What we have to ask about Matthew Arnold is not whether he was right in every one of the judgments which he laid down with a somewhat exasperating simplicity and clearness. We have to discover what was absolutely his own and without parallel in

his work. We have to put on one side all his claims to be of the centre, to be universal, to be final, and discover definitely Matthew Arnold. Almost every clever man wishes to be the world, but the cleverest man ever compounded of dust could only succeed in being one man. Against his will, we have to convict this man of a real and special genius. With a certain dark humour, we have to trace and find the eccentricities of this classic and the partialities of this judge.

From Photo by] MATTHEW ARNOLD. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Matthew Arnold, like every other great man, especially in that great transition age in which he lived, brought one or two really great and personal contributions. The most obvious, if the most superficial of these, and in a way the most entertaining, lay in the fact that he invented, if ever man did, an entirely new and original mode of controversy. He discovered the vast and militant power of a quite inexhaustible mildness. The Radical and Anglo-maniac disputants against whom he was pitted were men of the trenchant school of Macaulay, accustomed to give hard blows and to be on the look out for them. They were entirely bewildered when they found that they were fronted by a mysteriously meek person, and that the more often and more resoundingly they smote him over the head the meeker and meeker he became. If they had caught out an ordinary Whig or Tory controversialist in some apparent vagueness or inconsistency, the man would have justified himself and hit out, showing that it was his enemy who was the fool and not he. Matthew Arnold merely said mournfully, "Now that my triumphant enemy, in his clear way, has shown that I am unfit for speculative pursuits, what remains to me but to fall back on picking up the truth here and there, in which he, with all his superiority," and so on; every arrow they shot at him he wore meekly as a decoration, but he sat in the same spot and continued his humble and respectful monologue. Only towards the end of it did half his opponents realise that he was laughing at them; when they did the discovery was infinitely more paralysing and disarming than a storm of successful repartees. It was easier to feel superior in face of the ringing dexterity of Macaulay, or the haughty rhetoric of Ruskin, than of that limpid but unfathomable irony. It is true that more than one of the great men of that period owed their intellectual domination to a quality greatly lacking in the clever people of to-day—this great quality of patience. Both Newman and Gladstone were great controversialists precisely because they were not, in the modern sense, debaters. They did not appear solely anxious to answer someone else; they did not jump up like the modern Parliamentarian, with their mouths full of fiery epigrams; they were positive, not negative, they unfolded themselves slowly and calmly as in a soliloquy. Amid all the talk there has been about the speech and spirit of Gladstone, it has scarcely been noticed sufficiently that those distant and stately openings, those rolling clauses, those ample and leisurely parentheses, were really valuable and had their great public effect because they conveyed a certain air of confidence and self-knowledge, of being untouched, of being clear of thought and certain of victory. Men like Mr. Chamberlain and Sir William Harcourt are entirely admirable in the use of the retort; but every retort is the cry of a man hit. It is true, as I have said, that both Newman and Gladstone had this dangerous patience, this menacing air of leisure. But they had it only as a prelude which lent instantaneousness and a dramatic violence to the great moment when they turned on their opponents. But Matthew Arnold never turned on his opponents: he was a philosophic worm who never turned, but bored on to its goal. His controversial books are among the most humorous and entertaining books that can be read in the world, but from one end of them to the other there is scarcely a sentence which can be called in the popular sense "a score," scarcely a sentence that a reporter would mark with "cheers and laughter." He had gone into the depths of criticism and found there a very ultimate and awful kind of power, the power of non-resistance. It reveals a truth of which advantage has seldom been taken, that the most powerful and independent being on earth might be a really consistent Quaker. Passive resistance is far more maddening than active resistance, as anyone knows who has ever tried to open a drawer that was jammed tight. This power, which would lie in an enemy who really refused to put himself in the wrong, is really what I have called it, a very dangerous power. It might be used more wickedly than the sword of a soldier or the halter of an evil law. Nor can it be said that Matthew Arnold always used it well. Sincere as he was, he was sometimes positively unscrupulous in his politeness. He answered his enemies in a spirit which can only be described as a kind of malicious Christianity.

If this meandering and maddening urbanity was the chief example of Matthew Arnold's peculiar power and distinction in its external form, the essence of his internal originality, of his internal message and philosophy is, of course, by no means so easy to summarise. His splendid ideal of a great central school of wisdom and beauty, disdaining provin-

cialisms, however large and noisy, resisting second-rate innovations, however fascinating and fashionable, was a great conception, and one to which he was loyal in a bold and logical degree. There is something sublime in that concentration upon the standards of mind and not of matter, which could in one untroubled sentence dismiss America as a suburb. Unquestionably he laid his finger on the typical English defect when he objected to the authority of Deborah Butler and Newman Weeks being spoken of as if it were equivalent to the authority of Plato and St. Paul. Only the other day I saw in a paper called *The Agnostic Journal*, so called because it knows everything about everything, an exclamation expressing the honourable thought of how noble a thing is human nature, which ran on, "To what heights can it rise in a Shakespeare, a Burns, and an Ingersoll!" I was so violently amused that I felt inclined to rush away and whisper it into Matthew Arnold's tomb at the Abbey, that we might enjoy it together. But Arnold's insistence on the necessity of discriminating between an established reputation and a private preference had its dangers both for him and for others. He fell sometimes into that mean and diabolical heresy which declares that we should insist on the best of everything. There were times when he came at last to prefer criticism to admiration; to dwell far less on the excellence of Dante than on any defects he could find in Burns or Macaulay. He was sometimes affected by criticism in the same way that charitable people are affected by joining the Charity Organisation Society; through worshipping literary success he came to see nothing but failure, just as an impulse of Christian philanthropy ends so often, under the other auspices, in utter distrust of human nature. He held in some degree the mistaken idea that the best is the enemy of the good. It is not true that admiring a farthing rushlight leads us to despise the sun; if we once really admired a farthing rushlight we should admire the great conflagration of a million rushlights a million times more. It is not true that enjoying a detective story leads us to think lightly of Milton: if once we really respected another man for his ability to keep a secret from us, we should respect infinitely more another man for his ability to unfold to us an overpowering pageant of heaven and earth. Arnold's real case lay rather in the matter of the grounds and reason of admiration. It is not wrong to admire Newman Weeks: the question is what do we admire him for. We are quite right to admire Ingersoll for being an honest man, or for being an erect animal on two legs, or for being the image of the God in whom he didn't believe, but not for being comparable to Shakespeare, for that he was not. Everything in the world, including the *Daily Telegraph* or a cabbage, has a right to be admired, but not in a literary sense. It was Arnold's misfortune, but hardly his fault, if he sometimes, in insisting on the necessity of a reason and measure in literary enjoyment, lost sight of the vast and uproarious and noble enjoyment which can be obtained from everything that is not literary. He was a great critic and a wise and fearless man, waging an eternal and implacable war against frivolity, the frivolity which is to be found in the fashionable, the equally maddening frivolity which is to be found in the moral and religious. Under all his badinage, he was, even in the age of Carlyle and Ruskin, perhaps the most serious man alive.

THE HOUSE OF THE REV. JOHN BUCKLAND (MATTHEW ARNOLD'S UNCLE) AT LALEHAM.

From a photograph taken specially for this number of THE BOOKMAN *by Ralph Lane, Staines.*

The house in which Matthew Arnold was born at Laleham, near Staines, on Christmas Eve, 1822, is no longer in existence. The above photograph shows, however, the house of the Rev. John Buckland, where Matthew Arnold went to school, after his father had removed to Rugby.

MR. HERBERT PAUL'S "MATTHEW ARNOLD."*

By PROF. MARCUS DODS, D.D.

THAT Matthew Arnold has won a high place among English men of letters will not be questioned. "Such poetry as 'Mycerinus,' such prose as the Preface of the 'Essays in Criticism,' are enough to make a man a classic, and to preserve his memory from decay." Poet as well as critic "he was an incarnate contradiction of the false epigram that critics are those who have failed in literature and art." Mr. Paul gives us an adequate account of the work which Mr. Arnold achieved in pure literature, and he does this with relish and cordiality. But the space which might profitably have been given to an appreciation of his poetry as a whole, and to the fixing of his relation to English poetry in general, is occupied in detailed criticisms which sometimes are odd enough. "The sonnet 'Written in Emerson's Essays,' is thoughtful and interesting. But the last line is open to an obvious criticism—'Dumb judges, answer, truth or mockery?' What is the use of asking dumb judges to answer?" Rather, why ask judges who had already spoken to answer? Or does Mr. Paul forget that there may be "dumb, discoursive devils"? Another curious misunderstanding occurs in his criticism of the last stanza in "The Last Word"—

> "Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
> Let the victors, when they come,
> When the forts of folly fall,
> Find thy body by the wall."

It is almost incredible that Mr. Paul should think that "the natural meaning of these words would be that the person addressed has been engaged in defending the forts of folly." These little blemishes, though not materially detracting from the merit of the book, are evidence of undue haste in its composition.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.
From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.
From Photo by Hollyer.

"Matthew Arnold's appearance was both impressive and agreeable. He was tall, of commanding presence, with black hair, which never became grey, and blue eyes. He was short-sighted, and his eye-glass gave him a false air of superciliousness, accentuated by the clever caricaturist of *Vanity Fair*. In reality he was the most genial and amiable of men. But he had a good deal of manner, which those who did not know him mistook for assumption. It was nothing of the kind, but a mixture of old-fashioned courtesy and comic exaggeration."
—"Matthew Arnold." By Herbert W. Paul.

But Mr. Arnold was not only a poet and critic, he was for five-and-thirty years an Inspector of Schools; and it is Mr. Paul's opinion that "of all educational reformers in the last century, not excepting his father, Mr. Arnold was the most enlightened, the most far-sighted, the most fair-minded." From his father also he seemed to derive a keen interest in theology; or was it that a mind so comprehensive, intelligent, and susceptible to the influence of the Zeit-geist, could not but interest itself in the criticism of the New Testament? To say, with Mr. Paul, that he "took the doctors of the Tübingen school as apostles," is to be inexact, but it is true that he had a thorough knowledge of their position, and saw both its strength and weakness. Had Mr. Paul been at pains to follow him in this study, his chapter on "Mr. Arnold's Theology" would have been more valuable; he would have more highly appreciated the independence of his criticism and the timeliness of his rebuke of a theology that virtually professed to be omniscient. Mr. Paul makes many acute remarks regarding Mr. Arnold's motive in writing upon controverted points and regarding his general attitude towards religion; but it is a pity that, in place of giving us a criticism of his own, he has merely reiterated the futile objection that "unless we believe that Christ said exactly what is attributed to Him in the Gospels at the precise time and in the precise place there given, we must regard Him as a purely mythical personage." Mr. Paul does not, indeed, give this as his own

* "English Men of Letters: Matthew Arnold." By Herbert W. Paul. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

objection, but he commends it as, at any rate, "not illogical." It is disappointing to find a writer of Mr. Paul's distinction giving any countenance whatever to so utterly indefensible a position. It is not such criticism that will enable us to sift the wheat from the chaff in Arnold's work.

One great merit of Mr. Paul's sketch is its warmth. He has not only admiration for the poet and critic, but also a real liking for the man. His character is skilfully depicted in the closing pages, and had the statements there made regarding his family affections and kindly ways been illustrated by instances, the book would have been even better than it is. We lay it down with a deepened admiration for a good and great man, and with the desire to read again all that he wrote, and probably this is the result which Mr. Paul would, above all else, desire that his essay should accomplish.

ALL THE RUSSIAS.*

By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

M. POBEDONOSTSEFF, the Procuror of the Most Holy Synod, in the course of an interesting conversation, which he had some years ago about the judgments passed by well-meaning foreigners on Russia and the Russians, is reported to have said: "The past growth and present transitional phases of Russian society have no counterpart in the history of European nations. Our political fabric is as utterly unlike those of Western States as the Chinese is unlike French or English. Its study is made more difficult still by the circumstance that many of our institutions possess names to which a very definite but wholly different set of ideas corresponds in Europe. A foreigner, therefore, who comes here and sets himself to study our country and its institutions is in danger of committing the most laughable blunders, even when his efforts are conscientious and persevering. For he lacks a standard by which to gauge things; is unable to sift truth from falsehood, and, worse than all else, seldom has even a suspicion of his own deficiencies. He may live five or six years among us and leave the country with a totally wrong impression, praising what is blamable, cavilling at what is sound, and finding much to laud and to censure in phenomena that have no existence outside his own imagination. I am speaking now only of those who have manfully wrestled with the difficulties and honestly striven to master them; of people who have done neither and are yet bent upon laying down infallible rules for the government of this empire (and he mentioned two by name) the less said the better. For a foreigner to understand us, our virtues, our shortcomings, our needs and strivings, religious and political, he must know our language, understand our history, and have lived for many years, not merely in our midst, but as one of ourselves, identifying his own interests with ours."*

AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.
Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. from the Matthew Arnold Birthday Book.

And no one who knows the land and people as M. Pobedonostseff would have them know, will be disposed to call in question the soundness of this seemingly extreme view. Religious ideas, political strivings, social movements, agricultural anomalies, in a word, the sum-total of the traditions, aims and aspirations which mould or modify the psyche of a people are so different in Russia from what they are in England or elsewhere that no foreigner who has not in a large measure become one of themselves can hope to form an adequate idea of the character and trend of the great Slav nation. The utmost he can attempt is laboriously to gather the opinions of the individuals whom he chances to meet, or to cull the judgments they may have given to the world in books, and to reproduce these with the fidelity with which Chinese amanuenses copy manuscripts written in unfamiliar idioms. Much of the "gross ignorance" displayed in former works on Russia—ignorance which to Mr. Norman seems wholly inexcusable—originated in a desire to solve Russian problems without having first collected the needful data, or even understood their simplest terms. The authors of those writings—generally well intentioned men actuated

*"All the Russias." By Henry Norman, M.P. 18s. net. (Heinemann.)

* *Contemporary Review.*

by a deep and sympathetic interest in the land and people, which they burned to reveal to British readers—travelled, like the author of "All the Russias," through the vast northern Empire with an interpreter, jotting down such facts and appreciations as officials and dignitaries thought fit to communicate, and therefore had no choice but to look at Russian life and its complex phenomena through the coloured spectacles of others.

It is only fair to state, however, that Mr. Norman's object was not "to write a comprehensive account of Russian institutions and Russian life." "My own modest aim," he adds, "has been to present a picture of the aspects of contemporary Russia of most interest to foreign readers, with especial reference to the recent remarkable industrial and commercial development of Russia, and the possibility of closer commercial and political relations between Russia and Great Britain."

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S GRAVE.

From a photograph taken specially for this number of THE BOOKMAN *by Ralph Lane, Staines.*

Matthew Arnold died suddenly at Liverpool on the 15th of April, 1888.

"He had gone to meet his elder daughter on her way home from the United States, and in the delighted expectation of seeing her, he passed away. Few knew anything of his malady, and no one looked less like an invalid. He was sixty-five at the time of his death, but he might easily have passed for a much younger man. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. Always full of gaiety and good humour, he had the high spirits of a boy, and the serene contentment of a philosopher. Keenly as he appreciated the enjoyments of life, being fastidious in taste and something of an epicure, his wants were few and soon satisfied. He was the most sociable, the most lovable, the most companionable of men."—"Matthew Arnold." By Herbert W. Paul.

But even this less ambitious task is beset with formidable difficulties, and a work on "All the Russias"—a country whose people is still in flux and whose institutions are constantly changing—can hardly be written even on those narrowed lines with justice to the intricate subject or satisfaction to the conscientious author himself without a mastery of the language, a prolonged stay in the towns and villages, some degree of familiarity with the various races which make up the population, and a fair knowledge of the conditions of their everyday life.

"Fifteen years' interest in Russian affairs, culminating in four journeys," though it certainly testifies to the existence of a bond of sympathy between Mr. Norman and his theme, can scarcely be regarded as a substitute for those more solid qualifications, which enable one profitably to direct that interest and rightly to gauge the value of the information gleaned during those journeys. At the same time it must be said that Mr. Norman has done his best to compensate for the drawbacks under which he laboured from the first, and that he has attained such measure of success as could reasonably be hoped for under the conditions. Of the unfavourable nature of those conditions no Englishman who has not lived in the country can form an adequate idea. "In case the reader may wonder," he says, "how, without a mastery of the Russian language, I held the conversations and made the inquiries here described, I may say that during my chief journeys I took with me as interpreter a young Russian gentleman, a student of law at the University of Moscow, whose knowledge and intelligent sympathy were of the greatest service to me."*

It is a matter for regret that, an interpreter being necessary, his choice should have fallen upon a student, however well-informed and sympathetic, not so much because of the inexperience of youth as by reason of the strong prejudice against university undergraduates which exists among Russian officials, who never feel disposed to unburden their minds with any approach to frankness in the presence of mere alumni. I remember a case in point. An Englishman, writing many years ago on Russia from a point of view similar to that of Mr. Norman, and under almost the same conditions, took a student with him as interpreter to court dignitaries and state officials. Thereupon one of the latter requested me to advise him to obtain the services of an employé of some ministry, or at any rate of a person who had finished his university career, because of the extreme degree of reserve which the presence of a student must impose upon government servants, who in an informal *tête-à-tête* conversation might feel tempted to be communicative. This doubtless is the explanation of the baffling answers which Mr. Norman occasionally received, as when having questioned "an intimate relation" of the Governor of the fortress of Schlüsselburg about that gloomy prison, he was assured by that gentleman that "never in the closest family talk had he ever heard a syllable concerning it."†

It would be unfair, therefore, to judge "All the Russias" by the standard which one would naturally set up in estimating such permanent contributions to our knowledge of foreign countries as Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's work on Russia or Mr. Bryce's book on the United States. Mr.

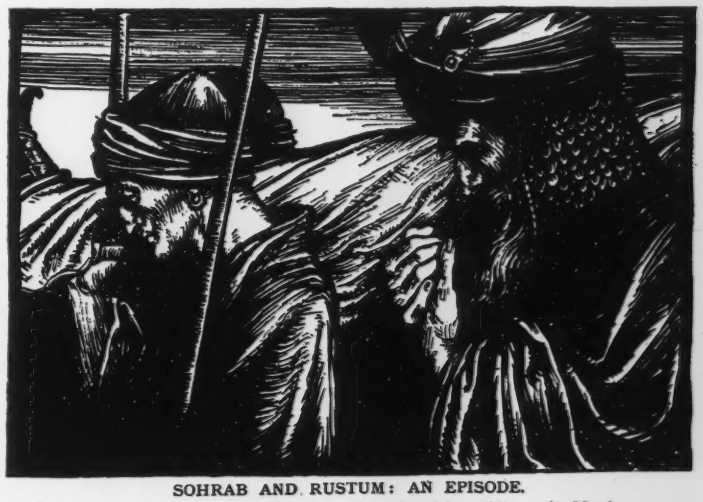
* Preface, pp. vii. and viii. † Page 10.

Norman himself implicitly places it in the category of books which, like Mr. Stead's "Truth about Russia," consists of an interesting mixture of personal impressions, official data and political forecasts and suggestions. Snapshot views of surface life as it appears to the intelligent foreigner, the retina of whose mental eye is still fortunately fresh and unfamiliar, and miscellaneous data on various problems supplied by courteous administrators or official books, make up the contents of the volume, which is written in the crisp picturesque style of a brilliant journalist. Its value is considerably lessened by surprising mistakes in statistics, by grave but unconscious misstatements respecting facts well known to most educated Englishmen, by extraordinary blunders in dates and bewildering errors in maps. The descriptions of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Samarkand and the journey through Siberia, enhanced by excellent photographs—the most artistic I remember to have seen in any book of travels in Russia—are among the best pages in the book.

In his generalisations, which are often sweeping and generally misleading, seeing that they necessarily lack the basis of careful induction, and also in many of the details which enter into the richly coloured mosaic of his descriptions, the author is considerably less felicitous. To take the latter first, it seems incredible that an acute observer like Mr. Norman should assert that a dvornik or house-porter, dressed as he is in a blouse during the warm weather, and in a dirty sheepskin in winter, is liable to be taken by the ignorant visitor for a soldier.* Equally surprising is the statement that "uniform is the Russian's passion; it stamps him as a member of the governing class." It may indeed be the passion of administrators, but it can hardly be asserted that it is that of the people or of the upper classes, whose tastes, on the contrary, are exceedingly simple. I remember, for instance, the difficulties which the authorities experienced in compelling students to don the uniform which is now obligatory, the warnings, the remonstrances, the threats, and punishments with which the measure had to be enforced, and, as for the professors, the great bulk of them refused for years and years to lecture in any but ordinary civilian's dress. On one occasion, when I was suddenly summoned to meet the minister of public instruction along with my colleagues of the Faculty of Philology, some of us went from friend to friend in hopes of borrowing at least a coat with the regulation cut and buttons, but our quest proving futile we donned evening dress instead.

But no one acquainted, however slightly, with the trend of public opinion in Russia, with the political, social and literary movements of the intelligent and governing classes there, will read without amazement the statement laid down with dogmatic simplicity that in Russia "the fashion of imitating the West has passed; to-day to be patriotic is to be Russian, and so far from following the mode of the outside world, to wait confidently till the outside world shall learn that the Russian mode is better, and shall lay aside its heathenism, its parliamentarianism, its socialism, the licence it calls liberty, and all its other wickednesses, and walk in the only path of religious truth and social security." At first it seemed as if this extraordinary assertion were the result of a *lapsus calami*, such as occurs in the passage where the author calls the new-fangled word "mervousness" a sarcastic *adjective*.* But there can be no doubt that he means what he says, and just as little that the reverse is absolutely true, so true, indeed, that every one of the authors, whose gross ignorance Mr. Norman is so eager to dispel, were keenly alive to the fact.

THE POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.



SOHRAB AND RUSTUM: AN EPISODE.
From the drawing by Henry Ospovat. Reproduced from "Poems by Matthew Arnold," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.

A passion for generalisation and emphasis often carries Mr. Norman away from the domain of fact, and lures him into contradiction with himself. Thus in one place† he assures us that we can never understand Russia until we realise that "the Tsar is everything, literally everything; that not only is his will law, but that it is also heaven-inspired right," yet two pages further on he limits that proposition by admitting that "tradition alone is more powerful than autocracy";‡ although a short time before he had informed his reader that it is the *izvoshtshik*, the common droshky-driver who "alone has vanquished autocracy!"§ Yet, in another place, we learn that it is the peasants alone who baffle autocracy, seeing that "the Russian Government is anxious to change its old Gregorian Calendar to that of the rest of the world, but it cannot do so, because the peasants would be furious if the favourite saints were robbed of their proper birthdays!"‖

Some of Mr. Norman's generalisations, considering their flimsy basis, are calculated to take one's breath away. Speaking of the Russian peasant, whose characteristics no number of intelligent interpreters can enable a foreigner to crowd into an epigrammatic sentence without doing violence to facts, the author says: "He is a fluent liar, generally from amiable motives."¶ Now it would have been desirable to learn to which division of the inhabitants of "All the Russias" reference is here made under the vague term "peasant." There are, as Mr. Norman

* Page 20.

* Page 239. † Page 36. ‡ Page 38. § Page 22. ‖ Page 42. ¶ Page 44.

has told us, Great Russians, Little Russians, White Russians, Russians of the Baltic Provinces, Cossacks of the Don, and Cossacks of the Urals, to mention but a few categories, and the characteristics of each differ very materially from those of the others. To confound them all in one is, to put it mildly, an unscientific process, and it seems particularly uncharitable to employ it when the occasion is the delivery of a sentence of condemnation.

The religion of the people is dealt with in the same offhand way. "He (the peasant) is religious in every fibre of his being, but his religion is wholly of the letter."* Is it wholly of the letter? If this be indeed so, one may reasonably ask, how comes it that, according to Mr. Norman himself, the peasants, interpreting the Bible according to their feeble lights, abandon forms and ceremonies, mutilate themselves, and are ready and eager to give up everything, property, liberty, and life itself, in unreasoning obedience to what they honestly but mistakenly regard as the will of God? Surely this is not what one usually understands by a religion of the letter. True religion is a disposition of the heart, not a mere matter of ritual, and it is hardly too much to say that in the Russian peasant, more, perhaps, than in the peasants of most European countries, it is the source of that patience, meekness, cheerfulness, and fellow-feeling for human beings in trouble, which is a distinctive mark of all Russians of Slavonic extraction.

To the estrangement which now exists between Finland and Russia, and to its real and supposed causes, Mr. Norman devotes a chapter, the interest of which is not wholly intrinsical. Having admitted that Russian administrators in Finland committed blunders—"of tact," he goes on to say: "The Finns have shown themselves so intransigent, so careless of Russian feelings and needs, so hostile, in fact, as to put weapons into the hands of those who declare them to be really enemies of Russia." *

It is much to be regretted that this statement, calculated, as it obviously is, to bias the mind of the reader in favour of one of the two parties, should be unaccompanied by the facts on which it should be based, and which are all the more needed that even Russian opinion will not bear out the assertion. All parties in Russia hold that the Finns have conducted themselves admirably throughout, and that the only element whose attitude is open to question is the Swedish. And having made that distinction, which is important, seeing that the Finns number 2,076,200, while the Swedes are hardly more than 326,000, a considerable proportion of intelligent and influential Russians further hold that even the Swedes exerted themselves to the utmost to preserve those cordial relations between the two peoples which the Tsar Alexander III. delighted to contemplate.

To the charge made by the spokesmen of Finland that Russia has broken her solemn and oft-repeated engagements to that people, Mr. Norman replies: "To be quite frank, the charge of violation of the Finnish Constitution is met by one simple consideration. As a matter of plain fact there is in human affairs of this kind no such thing as finality. Or rather, the only final thing is *force majeure*—imperative national self-interest. Before that all promises are air, and all treaties are black marks on white paper. . . . And who is to be the judge of Russian national prosperity and security? Obviously Russia herself." And having laid down that proposition the author continues: "Having said so much, I bow to the storm."† The bowing is a work of supererogation, for neither in Finland nor in Russia are the views of a foreigner travelling with an interpreter likely to be taken as tragically as Mr. Norman anticipates. If he were the Russian Finance Minister—a hypothesis which he himself makes when offering some suggestions for improving on M. Witte's commercial policy,‡ his judgment might then perhaps cause a flutter of excitement in either or both those countries. The only feeling which it is calculated to arouse in the mind of an English-speaking reader will be regret that the facts on which the case has been decided against one side and in favour of the other have not been set forth, and that he is unable to accept the verdict or to appreciate the logical nexus between premisses and conclusion.

The chapter devoted to Russian economics, on which the author in his preface lays particular stress, is one of the least satisfactory in the book, a fact which is all the more surprising that voluminous and trustworthy information on this subject is open to every inquirer, without the necessity of travelling to Russia in search of it. His figures are wrong, and the conclusions drawn from them utterly false. Thus his explanation of the falling off of the standard of well-being among the masses—he attributes it mainly to the decrease in the area of land per head and periodic famines—runs counter not only to the views of most competent Russian ex-

* Page 44.

* Page 93. † Page 91. ‡ Page 369.

THE POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

From the drawing by Henry Ospovat. Reproduced from "Poems by Matthew Arnold," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.

"Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shorewards blow;
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way."
—"The Forsaken Merman." By Matthew Arnold.

perts, but to the report of a special commission appointed for the purpose of investigating the subject, and is diametrically opposed to all the well-known facts.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that I draw attention to the sections of the work entitled "Russia and the Nations" and "Russia and England," in which the various political questions raised by the needs, aims, and interests of the Tsar's great Empire are dealt with in a masterly manner, and with a thorough grasp of the subject. The conclusions, too, at which Mr. Norman arrives, seem, with some exceptions, fairly safe. The conflict between British and Russian aims in Persia—probably the most serious difficulty that will call for a practical solution in the near future—is also very carefully discussed, and a suggestion for its settlement offered which many will at first sight welcome as sufficient and satisfactory to both sides. Mr. Norman says that if Russia "would bind herself, by formal treaty, to admit all foreign goods to Persia, and to transport them upon Persian railways on precisely the same terms as Russian goods, she might, in my opinion, have Persia to-morrow, with all the vast advantages its possession would confer upon her."* He adds, however, that such a treaty would have to be formally recognised by other nations—if possible by the United States—besides ourselves, so that any infraction of it would involve something more than a bilateral struggle.

But to this proposal there are serious objections. Unless the other nations undertake to use force, if needful, in upholding the treaty, their participation would, of course, be meaningless. If, on the other hand, they are prepared to risk a war for Persia, there then is no need of an Anglo-Russian Treaty on the subject, inasmuch as the powers in question can lay down the doctrine of the open door there, and enforce it, too, should the need arise. And from Mr. Norman's point of view a formal treaty on such a matter would seem to be a waste of time and a courting of disappointment. Has he not told us in defending Russia against the charge of violating her solemn promises to Finland that "the only final thing is *force majeure*—imperative national self-interest. Before that all promises are air, and all treaties are black marks on white paper. . . . And who is to be the judge of Russian national prosperity and security? Obviously, Russia herself."* If this be true, and it fits the Persian as neatly as the Finnish case, what object can there be in concluding a formal treaty, unless, indeed, to procure work for diplomatists and supply themes for public speeches to eloquent politicians?

THE POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ALARIC AT ROME.

From the drawing by Henry Ospovat. Reproduced from "Poems by Matthew Arnold," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.

"Therefore arise and arm thee! lo, the world
Looks on in fear! and when the seal is set,
The doom pronounced, the battle-flag unfurled,
Scourge of the nations, wouldest thou linger yet?
Arise and arm thee! spread thy banners forth,
Pour from a thousand hills thy warriors of the north!"
—"Alaric at Rome." By Matthew Arnold.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.†

By Prof. Edward Dowden, D.C.L.

IF I should have to stand in the dock, I hope that Mr. Justice Birrell of future days may sit upon the bench. His sentence on William Hazlitt, who, unhappily but inevitably, is led into the dock on several occasions, is that of one who cherishes the humanities. "Thou hast loved much—Rembrandt and Titian, Shakespeare and the Waverley Novels, the acting of Mrs. Siddons and John Cavenagh's game at fives—and thou hast said fine things about all these; go, and sin no more." Mr. Birrell has not, I fear, put on record a single act of generous self-sacrifice in Hazlitt's private life; he has to admit that he was a selfish sentimentalist; one who had certainly no genius for filial tenderness, for wedded fidelity, for loyal friendship; one who, after the manner of sentimentalists, was often coarse in his incontinence of speech; who was not always honourable in his methods of warfare; who could stab venomously, wantonly, and could hit below the belt. But Hazlitt had a gift for enjoying with high gusto much that is admirable in life, in literature, in art, and he has spread his own enjoyment "in widest commonalty" by means of his writings; these, more than the acts of his private life, are Hazlitt's "works"; and it would be ungrateful to pronounce a harsh sentence on the liberal giver of such good things as were in him. "The treasures of God are in earthen vessels," and sometimes, indeed, the pipkin is wrought of very ill-tempered clay.

There are writers who, after they have given us their

* Page 440.

† "English Men of Letters. William Hazlitt." By Augustine Birrell. 2s. (Macmillan and Co.)
"The Collected Works of William Hazlitt." Edited by A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover. With an Introduction by W. E. Henley. Vols. I.-III., 1902. (London: J. M. Dent and Co.)

* Pages 90, 91.

talent, give us something better—themselves. To know and to love them is a happy discipline, and even their human infirmities render them more dear. Our feeling towards them is single and homogeneous; our gratitude to them is a portion of our affection, whereas to receive gifts from one whom we can neither reverence nor love leaves a good-natured recipient a little uncomfortable.

And, indeed, Hazlitt's writings are themselves of very mingled quality—gold, bronze, iron, wood, hay, stubble. They are often brilliant, often vivid with true insight, but they trouble us with a sense of insecurity. They are tainted with the sin of reckless self-will. They lack the repose of work which comes from one whose wisdom is well based on certain elements of character, that we feel to be there, although they do not themselves necessarily come to the surface in a literary form. With Hazlitt's help we see a rich and various prospect, but often in flashes, and through loopholes. Now some momentary pleasure is snatched at too greedily; now some gleaming word disturbs us where a quieter word would be more satisfying; now some fine truth is flashed upon us, but perhaps aggressively, almost insolently; now some violent injustice, or some turbid, if not malignant, humour darkens the page.

As a critic Hazlitt has penetrating shafts of light, and in a moment he may relapse into a mediocrity of thought which is not golden. He has a swift and splendid grasp of enjoyment, but too little of that affectionate, intimate scholarship, which is far from pedantry, being, indeed, the uttermost patience of love. If a subject can be carried by *élan* and swift assault, he achieves a victory, and hangs out his banner at least from the outward walls; but he has not fortitude enough for a siege; and it is only by a siege that some great authors (Ben Jonson is an example) can be captured. A patient and strenuous receptiveness need not result in the misfortune of a large book; such a quality

WILLIAM HAZLITT, AGED 30.
From a miniature on ivory painted by his brother.
Collection Rischgitz.

may just as fully be seen in the short essay of what Mr. Birrell calls a miscellaneous writer. With Hazlitt it is hit or miss. He cannot part with his personality for a moment; he cannot subordinate his individuality to the object, though in the end to do this enlarges the bounds of one's individuality. If the object strikes a sudden pleasure through his senses, he has the just and vivid word to express his gusto. But he will not wind himself into another mind, if at first view it appears to be guarded, alien, or repellent. And so justice or injustice with Hazlitt is very much a matter of egoistic sentiment or of luck.

A critic must needs place himself at some standpoint intermediate between the object and himself. The greatest of critics, Goethe, while never abandoning his own personality, had a capacity of calm receptiveness, or a power of masterly appropriation, which induced or compelled him to move far towards the object, or even to lay his hand upon it with magisterial authority. By patient divination and sympathetic study he came, a receiver and a giver at the same time, to read the secret of its life. Hazlitt refuses to move far from himself; the object, at best, sends over to him some vivid ray, or ray follows ray, but he seldom comprehends the object as a whole. By such criticism as his a reader is quickened and aroused; he is touched with life; his mind is stirred; but he is not informed, assured, and satisfied. He is animated perhaps to carry out the work to which Hazlitt's vivid mind has given him a summons; and this is much; but he has not the happy sense that he has been dealt with by a true master of those who know. And coming from Goethe to Hazlitt, it is possible to understand Landor's words: "Hazlitt's books are delightful to read. . . . But I don't get much valuable criticism out of them." Nor is Heine's description of Hazlitt really inconsistent with this—"a mixture of Diderot and Börne," for Hazlitt had something of Diderot's glow, of Diderot's affluence and variety and his splendid improvisation, and he had not a little of Börne's self-will, political prejudice, and unchastened temper.

Almost all that need be said of Hazlitt as a man of letters was said admirably by a writer in the thirty-fourth volume of the "Edinburgh Review," from whom Mr. Birrell quotes. The writer is wisely liberal of praise, which, however, has to be discreetly qualified. He recognises the ardour and the generosity of Hazlitt's feelings, and his lofty aspirations after ideal good; but he perceives that Hazlitt was a brilliant improvisator rather than a thinker with some unity or harmony established among his jarring ideas. The unity in Hazlitt was that of a temperament, and a temperament not wholly admirable. The Edinburgh Reviewer notices the want of equality and continuity in Hazlitt's style, and his failure in producing one harmonious and lasting impression on his hearers: "He never waits to consider whether a sentiment or an image is in place, so it be in itself striking. That keen sense of pleasure in intellectual beauty, which is the best charm of his writings, is also his chief deluder. He cannot resist a powerful image, an exquisite quotation, or a pregnant remark, however it may dissipate or even subvert the general feeling which his theme should inspire." The truth could hardly be better said.

Mr. Birrell has used excellent material with good judgment and skill. No art can make the story of Hazlitt's life altogether agreeable reading, but the biographer, without failing in veracity, has not exposed ulcers with a view to gratify a morbid curiosity. Of pleasant quotations from Hazlitt's writings he is liberal; and while morsels of glittering spar can be extracted from almost every page of the very "miscellaneous writer," the writer is best represented by such longer passages as we find here, passages which

give a sense of the eddying, gleaming, sometimes turbulent and crested flow of Hazlitt's eloquence. On a few occasions Mr. Birrell's own vivacity, or his distrust in the sufficient interest of the reader, betrays him into a word or a phrase which carries in it an unfair suggestion. I have not sat at the feet of William Godwin, but I do not think that "a grimy Gamaliel" will serve even for a thumb-nail sketch of that remarkable man. And to speak of the "smug recantation" of their earlier opinions by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey is to utter a taunt which lacks intelligence. Each of these writers in his own way, with characteristic differences, but each with true nobility of feeling, acknowledged his change of opinion. If those books of "The Prelude" which tell of Wordsworth's grief and of his recovery are "smug," the definition of that adjective must be revised and improved by-and-by in the New English Dictionary. But Wordsworth, whose political views appear to Mr. Birrell to be less sane than those of the worshipper of Napoleon, William Hazlitt, was not an admirer of the Reform Bill of 1832, and perhaps any stone is good enough to fling in such a case.

Mr. Birrell's monograph is well timed in its appearance, for it may be regarded as a companion to the first approximately complete edition of Hazlitt's works, of which three volumes have already appeared. Hazlitt's good things are often embedded in matter of inferior value, and though many of these good things were brought together as selections by the late Alexander Ireland, there are readers who will prefer to find them *in situ*, even at the cost of some exploring. We have reason to be grateful to Mr. Dent for this re-publication, though the shelf that sustains twelve volumes of such ample size may groan. Hazlitt's "Life of Napoleon" is not included, so that the word "complete" requires to be qualified, but the highly interesting "Life of Thomas Holcroft," of which the first book is by Holcroft himself, properly appears. Except in an abridged form, it has not been reprinted since 1816. The editors of the present edition of Hazlitt's works have added notes which must have called for much diligence and care; the verification or correction of Hazlitt's quotations is in itself a task of difficulty. Mr. Henley's Introduction is brief, but he has a grip of his subject, and expresses himself with characteristic energy. While far from sharing all the opinions of Hazlitt, he remains in full sympathy with Hazlitt's temperament as a critic. If Mr. Henley sometimes writes with a kind of calculated recklessness, assumes certain freebooter, daredevil airs, and wields his cutlass among venerated persons, the shade of William Hazlitt doubtless smiles approval upon him. The venerated persons, as Mr. Henley justly ob-

WILLIAM HAZLITT.
Reproduced from the new uniform edition of Hazlitt's works, by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.

serves, are "dead"; they cannot now strike back. But the "pedantic sycophant" Southey once wrote a memorable reply to Mr. William Smith, which may serve as a reply to Mr. Henley. "The old, greasy prophet's mantle" of Coleridge, or, as a note, to emphasise the insult, informs us, "rather bedgown: unction-soiled and laudanum-stained," has a touch, but no more than a touch, of indecent veracity in its phrasing. One's impression is that there is a little of play-acting in these fine buccaneering airs of Mr. Henley, when he carries a pistol "in each hand" and a cutlass "in the other." Mr. Birrell, with his gentle jests and mild good-sense, looks colourless and tame in comparison. And, in truth, Mr. Henley seems to have a firmer and stronger hold of the genius of Hazlitt.

SOME POSSIBLE EFFECTS OF THE LATE WAR ON LITERATURE.

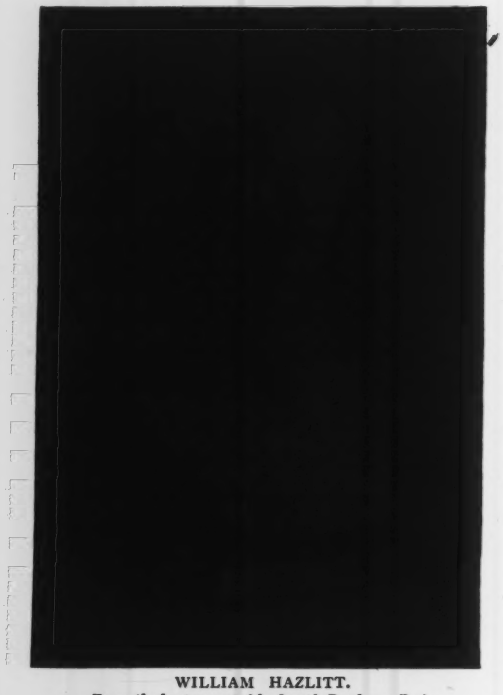
By Y. Y.

THE literature of a nation is moulded by its history. From time to time a great original writer may seem to revolutionise or renovate the public taste; he does but lead it along the paths channelled by events. Every long peace, every popular war, has affected the trend of literature, though other accidental influences may sometimes obscure our analysis. Since the days of Trafalgar and Waterloo no war has interested and moved our people so deeply as that just ended—not even the great conflict which sharpened the pen of Carlyle and fired our Laureate-dove to simulate the eagle. Its light, or its shadow, must fall upon writers and readers for many a day to come.

And these effects seem to me almost wholly good, both on writers and readers, whom we might consider separately but that the interplay of supply and demand is too confusing. The ordinary author is controlled by his market; the original writer is a speculator, whose novelties may, or may not, create a new demand. It were better to regard the higher literature apart from popular literature, always remembering that in some respects and to some degree the latter will imitate, or at least ape the former.

In the books and periodicals written for educated people, and which both follow and guide educated opinion, we shall trace the effects of more than one lesson we have lately learnt. We know now that what calls itself the British nation, but which is not the nation, is bitterly envied and hated by similar bodies which falsely presume to represent foreign nations. In fairness be it said that we, and

our journalists especially, have not retorted, though our regal tolerance must be horribly exasperating. At present the English are the only people with a cosmopolitan and



WILLIAM HAZLITT.
From the bust executed by Joseph Durham, R.A.
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unjealous admiration for foreign literature. We have carried this too far, and have bowed too low before certain crude and barbarous effusions of the Gallic and Sclavic muses. It has been easy for any puny criticaster to found a reputation on the discovery and exploitation of some god-gifted foreign scribbler, who here would hardly squeeze into a halfpenny magazine. Perhaps we shall now leave off importing our little teraphim. And this I mention first, because what has angered us is not the stupid obstinacy of the Boers, but the spiteful meanness and falsity of European public opinion. A lax cosmopolitan literary tone may be corrected by a more national one, echoing the good old English models. Which means more concentration and propriety of thought, more correctness and elegance of expression.

Put aside all the patriotic chatter—we cannot deny that the war became a national war. All of us have fought or paid like men, and are the better for it, just as the French were after '71. We are more a nation than we were three years ago—as much, perhaps, as in former times of strenuous effort. And so those distant days seem nearer, more familiar; and reading of our far forefathers we recognise ourselves. Are not, then, the times ripe for a more vital treatment of the stirring epochs of our history—for some master hand which, sweeping together the harvest of our patient Dry-as-dusts, shall chant past glories in the voice of the present, shall bring home to us the eternal, unchanging sameness of this strange nation, ourselves—so inconsistent, awkward, blundering in prosperous days, so great when once its sleeves are turned up? Did you ever see a famous pugilist? A lurching, over-dressed loafer with a bad cigar—most unlovely, uninteresting negation of heroism. But stripped for his supreme purpose, how splendid his courage, how unbounded his resource, how consummate his art!—he, the pride and envy and terror of the whole ring. Such was England; such is England still.

Forget, too, the Imperialist vapourings; the fact remains that the insular policy is dead. Liberals are now openly Imperial; the strictest Cobdenite is at most only peninsular. All now feel what the few have long seen, that the Empire is a fact—and a necessity. Expansion and concentration, centrifugal energy and centripetal loyalty—of these is empire made up. And this empire is peace. It means more sober thought, more duteous devotion, more patient work to develop it; less strife of Whig and Tory, less meddling with the Balance of Power. We only ask to be left alone to our task. And further, with all our bragging, we feel secretly that all along we have been clumsy fools. The inheritance of three of the four continents might have been ours. Foreign navies might have been prohibited. That heart-rending book, "The Lost Possessions of England," might have been impossible. Why prolong the groan? And now in South Africa the same short-sighted optimism, the same unpreparedness, the same mismanagement—and the same final success. These thoughts are old enough; yet for the first time they have spread wide and sunk deep. But what have they to do with literature? This. In the near future I descry many features—the proud self-respect of a dominant race, the instinct which prompts "parcere victis et debellare superbos," the consciousness of a civilising mission, the ideal of a beneficent Pax Britannica, the self-measure gradually corrected by experience of failure, the cosmopolitan universality, the assemblage under one sceptre of so many diverse languages, literatures and arts, the rise of a class of patrons asking only to be told how to spend their colossal wealth worthily—all these features carry the mind back to "Mincio's banks in Cæsar's bounteous reign." If all go well—and so many accidents may mar the omen—may we not hope to live to greet the dawn of a new Augustan Age of Letters? This is the main point to which I have been leading; and here I must leave it as a mere suggestion, undeveloped, uncorroborated by a comparison of other periods of literary renascence.

Yet something must be added. These three years during which, save a little filibustering in China, the world has had nothing to do but lazily watch the suppression of two trumpery African republics, will stand momentous in history. They are signalised by the entry of our colonies among the nations, and by the definite emergence, not only of the British, but of the American Empire. The mainspring of every literary renascence I believe to be well-founded national pride, and therefore augur the best of this onward march of the Anglo-Saxon race, in close touch of sympathy, yet each division wisely pursuing its separate, individual path. The literature of a new country can hardly aspire beyond crude vigour, or imitative neatness. Hitherto our colonies have produced nothing noteworthy. Their best hope lies in their rising universities, which, while in close connection with the old English ones, will, if they are wise, strive after individuality, and so may tend to evolve a distinct type of literary genius. America has already given the world one writer, Melville,

of the very first rank; several, like Bret Harte, of lesser merit, but rare genius; many of just and ripe literary feeling, like Lowell and Emerson; and an ever-increasing host of clever and industrious workers in serious and light literature. And, what is most significant, it has produced —what of late England has not—a few isolated songs and short poems by obscure writers, of amazing power and originality, whereof I rate most highly that retort upon a Jingo bishop by some editor, which Froude reprinted in the Appendix to "Oceana." The States have the latent genius, they have the educational facilities, they have the wealth and leisure, they have the national pride; and a chain of events closely linked to the Boer War have broadened it to an Imperialism as wide as ours. For them, too, the "bounteous reign" may not be far off. Shrinking as one does from tall talk and charlatan prophecy, can we be altogether silent, with the memory of Grecia Magna in our minds, and before our eyes the vision of the many branches of the one same progressive, and before all things productive, Anglo-Saxon race, following each its destiny under so diverse skies and such varied conditions, yet bound closely by literary sympathy, by literary rivalry closer still, all loyal to the same proud national names "in arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled," all disciples of the same unforgotten masters of English speech, and through them of the supreme models of the ancient classics?

Space fails to pursue other lines of this inquiry, and the less important, though interesting one, of the effects on popular literature, must go almost untouched. Enough that they seem entirely promising. At least remember how many thousands, soldiers and civilians, had actual experience of the war. Of these some will write in various ways for the people, but will write with enlarged experience of life and emotions. The rest will read. Each man returns from the front to become the oracle and critic of his less experienced home circle. Such men, if only for vanity, will despise childish sensationalism, mock heroics and make-believe horrors, and their influence will tell. So there may be a tendency to seek sensation in fact rather than fiction, and amusement in humorous or sentimental works. An idyllic or domestic taste may possibly set in. Further, many a blockhouse has taught the blessing of books, and perhaps implanted a habit of closer, more critical reading. This and many other things may tend to make the popular taste somewhat more fastidious.

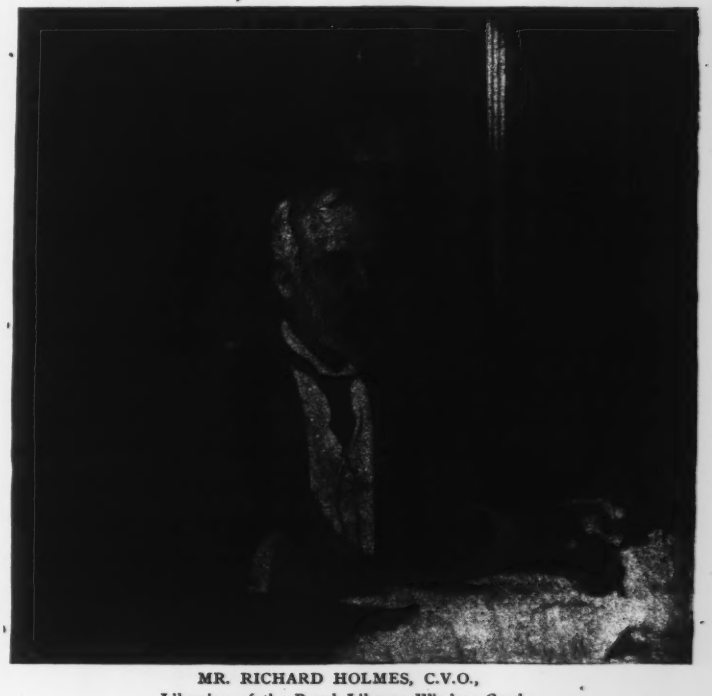
IN THE KING'S LIBRARY.

WHAT can we see in Windsor Castle? The State apartments are not open, but what about the Library? Ah! what about the Library? The King's orders are that all colonials are to be welcomed subject to His Majesty's sanction. Well, I am a colonial, and I have been allowed to approach that sanctum sanctorum. First I gave my card to a page in red, who said he did not know if Mr. Holmes was in. Finally he convinced himself he was in, and I followed to this treasure-house of monarchs.

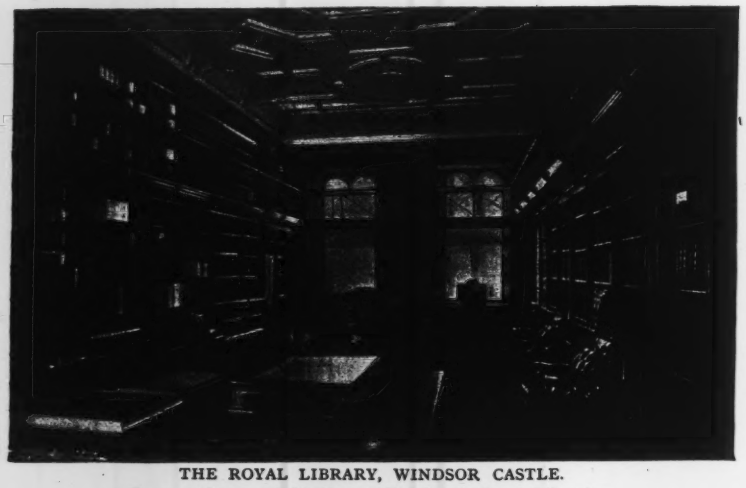
And what did I see? A room full of importation, may I say, like the Indian Docks. All papers, all books, from all lands, waiting to be catalogued. Art, History, curios, lying in carefully arranged crowds till their pedigree is written and their niche assigned to them.

From thence I made my way to the Elizabethan Gallery by a corkscrew staircase, and found myself in the Stuart rooms. In olden times the Royal Family lived North and West. Now they live South and East. Arrived at the top of the corkscrew staircase, I found myself in Charles the Second's room. Here is the curious catalogue, always enlarging itself, and always meeting the requirements of the moment—box side of box, filled with cards with name of each book, letter of shelf, number of room, number of book in shelf; and now you ought, indeed, to find your books!

The Stuarts not only lived but slept in this North wing. A curious little room is one in which I found a tradition of Queen Anne. They told me she was drinking tea when the news of the battle of Blenheim came. Here is the transcript of what Duchess Sarah read to the Queen:—"I have not time to say more than to beg of you to present my humble duty to the Queen, and to let her Majesty know that her army has had a glorious victory. M. Tallard and two other generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp Colonel Parkes, will give her Majesty an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two by another more at large.—Marlborough." I linger here to view the flag of Blenheim —fief rent for that lordly house. Apsley House, also, I gather, is rented by a satin flag and the fleur de lis of France, presented each year by the Duke of Wellington.



MR. RICHARD HOLMES, C.V.O.,
Librarian of the Royal Library, Windsor Castle.



THE ROYAL LIBRARY, WINDSOR CASTLE.
From a photograph kindly supplied by the Royal Librarian.

Treasures I saw in plenty. The greatest treasure, the Mainz Psalter, the earliest printed book, with a date, 1437. Clear, clean, red, the rubrics such as we can never now approach, much less outdo. Then five Caxtons in a row, all beautiful. One Æsop. Many wonderful and interesting books. A case of volumes which amaze one is the beautiful collection, the property of sovereigns, bound for themselves, impressed with their arms, which have never left the castle. King Edward the Sixth has left his account book of works done for Windsor Castle by the Board of Works. Henry Prince of Wales has left a book notable from its very gorgeousness.

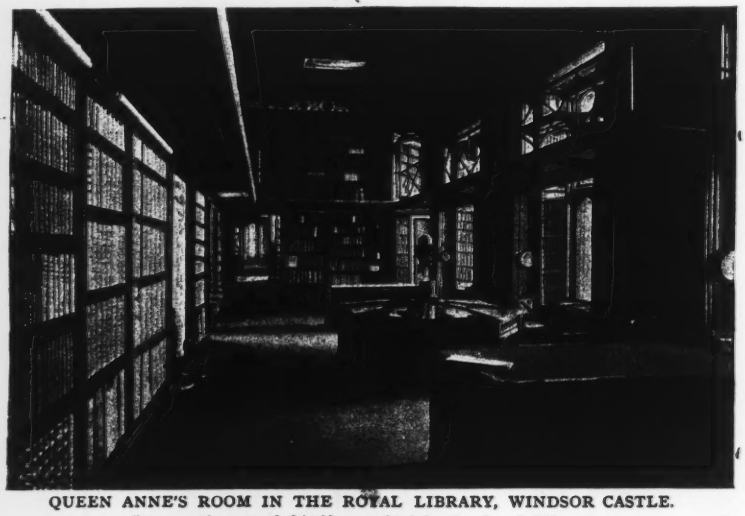
Eastern and Western treasures there are without end. Most highly finished portraits. A book of the Indian dynasty (found in a roll of carpet); the coming of age of the son of Shah-je-han, revealing a finish of work and detail which sets our miniatures far in the background, where, alas, they seem destined to remain. An envelope of beaten gold, the last sent to Queen Victoria from China. A writing-table from Japan, among other gifts to our dear Queen. Of Abyssinian trophies there are many.

In explanation I must tell you that the present librarian was sent by the British Museum to gather archæological treasures, and seems to have succeeded so well that his proud boast now is that the late Mr. Gladstone called him a sacrilegious robber, in the House of Commons. This leads me on to bring that librarian to your notice. He seems to have begun life at the British Museum under Madden and Panizzi, and thoroughly imbued himself with the data of the works of art in England; and the Empress Frederick, always attracted by the glories and ancestral possessions of her own old country, so beloved by her, seems to have appreciated this knowledge and encouraged a widening of the original word Library, so that now, in addition to the treasures already mentioned, and seemingly countless others, there are collections of Great Seals of England, medals, trophies, and such like. This library is contained in rooms where Charles II., Elizabeth, and Queen Anne lived. The Elizabethan Gallery was once a picture gallery, the corners and bays being filled with china in cupboards. A ghost story there is also, but that is not of much account.

This whole Library dates only from the time of George the Third. When the British Museum was founded, the ancient Library of the Kings of England was transferred there by George the Second. George the Third, finding himself without a library, entrusted Sir Frederick Barnard to buy in Venice and other cities all books of worth; and in 1762 Consul Smith's library was also bought for him. Thirty-nine Caxtons, including the "Doctrine of Sapience," were mostly personal gifts to the King.

The inner Print Room is precious beyond all words. Twenty thousand of the finest works of the greatest men are contained in it, including over eighty portraits by Holbein—they speak for themselves as likenesses—in three tints of crayon. But the glory of the whole collection is in the Leonardo da Vinci drawings, and not only drawings, but his own MSS., with anatomical notes and illustrations of priceless worth.

A simple library table contains in its drawers a sequence of kings and queens, in miniatures, with the exception of bloody Mary, dating from King Henry VII. Works by the two Ollivers, Orgius, Humphrey Cooper, and Cosway. Queen Mary of Scots is by Janet, and described by Charles II. most accurately in his catalogue of his possessions. Sad and hard her face looks, but we have not seen her smile or heard her speak! In shelves are studies by Raphael for his Madonna, and we can see her by degrees uplifted to his great ideal. On an easel is a curious little drawing, which was presented to the present librarian for purchase. The owner said, "You may know who G. R. is?" It was a little drawing made by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and given to her uncle. She said she quite remembered doing it at the age of seven. The Queen and Prince Consort were frequent visitors to the Library. It is a restful spot to spend a day in; with its air of quiet, and its relics of past centuries and royal occasions, its fragrant scent of Russia leather, the place is indeed a place of rest.



QUEEN ANNE'S ROOM IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY, WINDSOR CASTLE.
From a photograph kindly supplied by the Royal Librarian.

New Books.

SOME LETTERS OF M. TAINE.*

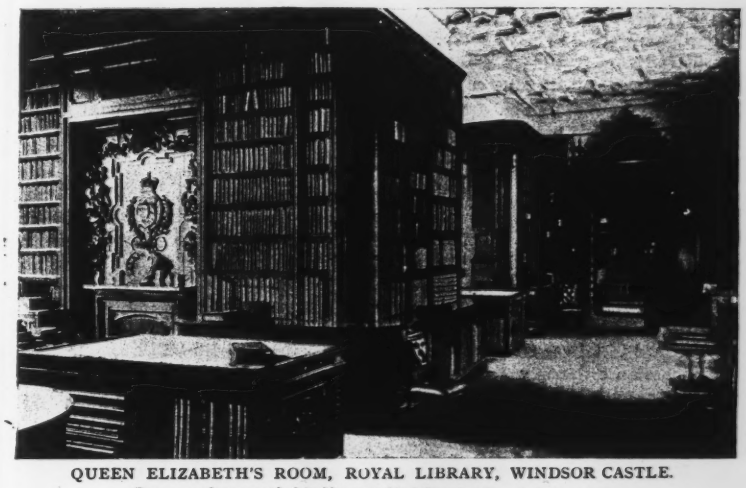
Criticism to be fruitful should be minute—a principle which the French have understood and applied with no small gain to their classic authors. When we study Voltaire's two volumes of merciless observations on the grammar and rhetoric of Corneille, we begin to comprehend why the ordinary French style is so good. But this method would be called by Englishmen in their haste pedantic, although it is the only sound one in judging literature. Here, for example, is a "translation from the French." While it has not neglected one term of the problem—we mean acquaintance with the original—it pays little or no attention to the other, which regards the standard quality, the idiom and flavour, of the English rendering. On every page we feel that we are reading a foreign tongue. Yet some brief meditation touching the place of reflective pronouns, adverbs, and other particles would have made a notable difference to it, as might be shown in detail (but not otherwise), and must now be taken for granted. A delicate point is the management of what may be termed slang. M. Taine respected himself and his language, nor did he write the schoolboy stuff which on occasion is here made to do duty for his lighter words. It may be added that were he composing in English, his "would" and "should" might have come off more happily. And some good friend's pencil could surely be employed to revise the Latin names and the Greek letters that disfigure at present a volume which, though less idiomatic than it deserves to be, is often graceful in manner and is deeply interesting in its subject.

However, let the mere English reader be on his guard. These letters belong to M. Taine's agitated and unbelieving youth. When the last of them was written, in 1853, he had just taken his Doctor's cap, and was hardly out of his twenty-fifth year. Now the true story of Taine's life, and its pregnant moral, can be interpreted only after we have gone with him to the end. Like J. S. Mill, he underwent conversion from a philosophy of pure experience to something far deeper and higher, which, if not the Christian faith, bore a strong resemblance to it. Both men were sincere in their pursuit of truth, unselfish lovers of their kind, gentle, considerate, tender-hearted, and in all their conduct blameless. Hippolyte Taine inherited the serious temper of his race, which was native to the Ardennes; he was brought up religiously by his Catholic kinsfolk at home, not in the demoralising *lycée* or public school. He lost his faith, as young Frenchmen do; but he kept his sense of right, his abhorrence of the unclean, and this after many years led him back towards the point from which he had started. The significance of his career is that a little philosophy at the Ecole Normale made the ingenuous lad an atheist, but that fifty years of hard thinking, continued study, and acquaintance with every part of France and every section of its people shattered his atheism, opened to him the dangerous secret that lay hid in Jacobin formulas, and revealed Christianity in his sight as the one saving power which had not been overturned by the Revolution. Had M. Taine not reached this unexpected but most remarkable conclusion, after inquiries prolonged during half a century into every branch of learning, physical and metaphysical, literary, historical and scientific, his labours would have been swallowed up in the Serbonian bog of waste Materialism. But as Mill recognised in the New Testament a perfect rule of life, so Taine perceived in it the way of salvation for European society. He died a Christian, having lived a philosopher. No finer object-lesson has been afforded to social science in our time.

These changes were yet to come when the youth of genius, who had taken all possible prizes, threw the old ladies of Paris University into hysterics by his bold unbelief, his worship of Hegel and Spinoza, his "extended ego" and other enormities, which cost him his degree and banished him to Nevers and Poitiers. His letters at this time may be compared with Carlyle's. A proud poverty, an intense isolation, a stoical firmness, without one grain of indulgence to young men's pleasures, mark them both. But Carlyle had a Muse of fire that kindled his imagination; Taine lived in the abstract—"too much so," observed the blink-eyed Emile Saisset, who meant well by him. His abstraction did not hide from him the Everlasting No; and we read with amazement how he warned Prévost Paradol that suicide must be the end of that wild young man's anarchic principles. It was the end indeed. Taine, however, who loved order and hated anarchy, passed on to the heights from which he saw and judged the French Revolution. If we do not forget the development to which his books bear witness, from its lowest form in "Les Philosophes Classiques du XIXe Siècle" to the finished wisdom of "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine," we shall discover some good in these early letters. Otherwise they will lead us astray. They picture Augustine before he heard the voice in the garden which cried to him, "Take and read, take and read." Why did not the translator say as much? Was the atheism of M. Sixte preferable to the Christianity of M. de Montalembert? Taine may have thought so once; but his last twenty years were a retractation, pointed by the lessons of Jacobin France.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "Life and Letters of H. Taine." Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. 7s. 6d. net. (A. Constable.)



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ROOM, ROYAL LIBRARY, WINDSOR CASTLE.
From a photograph kindly supplied by the Royal Librarian.

HENRY VIII.*

The present volume on Henry VIII. is both one of the most useful and also one of the most ornamental of the splendid series of illustrated historical biographies of which it forms the eighth in numerical series, the previous monographs being those on Mary Stuart, Elizabeth, Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., Prince Charles Edward, and Victoria. Most of our great court painters have been pressed into the service of this series, but where else could be found an illustrator equal to Holbein?—not in Zucchero or Lely, not, certainly, in Winterhalter, not even in Van Dyck. One of the least familiar and at the same time most vivid and life-like of the numerous portraits here given is that of Thomas Cromwell, from the Tyttenhanger Park collection, near St. Albans. Among the Queens, one turns, perhaps, with most interest to the two portraits of Anne Boleyn, one of which at least goes some way to explain the King's great folly, the "one overmastering passion of his life." The portrait of Henry as a child, and that of him as a father, with his arm round Edward VI., are both extremely interesting. Apart from the figure of this gracious sovereign, it must be admitted that it is, to a large extent, a gallery of martyrs; but this does not detract in any way from the interest of the collection. Seldom has there been a more fortunate conjunction of great limner with great despot.

The interest of the letterpress seems to us commensurate with that of the illustrations. To write a monograph on

* "Henry VIII." By A. F. Pollard. (Goupil and Co.)

Mary Stuart, Charles I., or Oliver Cromwell is, for a man of a certain culture and temperament, merely to fulfil the law of his being; but to trace the life and describe the policy of "the majestic lord who broke the bonds of Rome," for the first time since the days of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, *hic labor, hic opus est!* Here was an adventure to engage our keenest attention, both from the novelty and the hazard which could not fail to attach to it.

Mr. Pollard has attacked this difficult theme with all the vigour and audacity of youth—if ever a certain tendency to "Froudacity" may be suspected of peeping out, that tendency will not fail to be restrained by a regard for strict accuracy, from which we have not been able to discover any deviations. The valour of a young historian in essaying such a difficult subject has met with its appropriate reward; and the present study, by reason of its stimulating and suggestive qualities, will take a high place, not only as a contribution to a series of valuable monographs, but also as an original and vigorous presentment of one of the master spirits of our national history. The extraordinary immunity which Henry enjoyed from the retaliation of his victims, powerful though many of these were; the subservience of clergy and of parliament, which met more frequently as Henry grew more despotic, for the express purpose of clothing with the forms of law the naked violence of the sovereign's acts; the continual growth of absolutism on the part of a King who had no army, no secret police, and no bureaucracy at his disposal—these are just a few of the conditions of the problem which had to be resolved by Henry VIII.'s biographer. Mr. Polland sets out to explore the problem on its dynastic side, and very interesting are some of the side lights which he brings to bear upon the question. The key to the situation is probably to be found in the fact that the Tudors, though an upstart dynasty, were generally recognised as the saviours of their country from dynastic feud and parliamentary "lack of governance." A crisis had arrived in the nation's history in which demand was made for strong government, irrespective of its methods, and good government was found to be so far preferable to self-government that the latter was in danger of being almost completely ignored. The King was regarded, says Michelet, as "a new Messiah." Hence it came about that the succession of Henry VIII. to his father was no more questioned than that of Richard to Oliver Cromwell. The one serious blemish on this messianic dynasty was its sterility. The Tudors were exceptionally luckless as regards children. Henry VIII. had six wives, but no grandchild, legitimate or other. The appalling death-rate among Tudor infants cannot be attributed solely to medical ignorance, for Yorkist babies clung to life with a tenacity which was quite as inconvenient as the readiness with which Tudor infants relinquished it; and Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII. all found it necessary to hasten, by artificial means, the exit from the world of the superfluous children of other pretenders. Henry's elder brother died in 1502. Had he lived to become King Arthur I., there would have been no divorce of Catherine, no Queen Elizabeth, conceivably no breach with Rome, and certainly no Reformation in the form which it took in England. This same phenomenon of infant mortality is responsible directly for the central incident of the reign. Three of Henry's sons, by Catherine, died immediately after birth, while the fourth was born prematurely; and in 1518, after various miscarriages, another still-born child arrived. Henry's daughter Mary, having been betrothed to the Dauphin, genuine apprehension was felt lest England should, after all, become a province of France. Never before, said the gossips, had there been such mortality among the King's children; never before had an English King married his brother's widow. Strange stories were revived of the Pope's doubts as to his competence to grant a dispensation to Henry in 1509, and of the disasters which had hitherto been associated with the female succession. Sinister rumours were heard of Buckingham's descent from Edward III., and of a monstrous plan for marrying the King's illegitimate son, Richmond, to his half-sister Mary. If Henry had wanted any stimulus to discover a solution such as that which a divorce alone seemed to offer, here was plenty of material to his hand. He had already made a name for himself as a theologian; he now studied his own case till "his head ached." Having convinced himself that to obtain a divorce was his indispensable duty, he appealed to the Pope, to learned divines, and to the universities, not to satisfy himself, but to convince a profane herd, unskilled in royal learning, and unblessed with a kingly conscience. In this crisis Henry's conscience spoke with no uncertain voice; his marriage with Catherine must be invalid because his conscience told him so. If it were not invalid through a defect in the dispensation, then the defect must be in the dispensing power itself; his conscience never wavered. He went on writing his love letters to Anne Boleyn, lecturing his sister Margaret on the sinfulness of her life (citing particularly 1 Cor. iii.), paying strict attention to the morals of the monasteries, confessing every day, and "receiving his Maker at every feast."

The Pope suggested in 1530 that a plan might possibly be found by which Henry might be allowed to have two wives, as a kind of licensed bigamist; but a delicacy was discovered in propounding the scheme to the King. An apprehension was expressed that Henry's conscience would not be able to stomach such a project. The conscience, however, had no scruple in sanctioning marriage with Anne, sister though she was of Mary Boleyn, one of Henry's previous mistresses. In January, 1536, Anne Boleyn had her second miscarriage, and, says Mr. Pollard, "Henry's old conscience began to work again." "In Catherine's case the path of his conscience was that of a slow and laborious pioneer, now it moved easily on its royal road to divorce." On 29th May the unfortunate Anne was beheaded, and, next day, Henry obtained Cranmer's special licence to marry her successor.

The connection between the divorce and the breach with Rome is very lucidly put by Mr. Pollard. Nothing could well have been more lamentable or more pitiable than the Pope's position between the ominous hints of Henry and the masterful threats of Charles. Not till we get to the unhappy King of Portugal, with Napoleon's armies on one side and the British fleet on the other, do we get such another convincing illustration of what is meant by being between the Devil and the deep sea. It is possible, as Mr. Pollard suggests, that Clement might have retained his spiritual jurisdiction in England at the expense of the loss of his temporal power in Italy. At any rate, it is quite certain that he was not prepared to sacrifice his temporal power. But even if he had retained whatever power he had in England, it would probably not have been for long. Perplexing as the divorce dilemma was to the Pope, that little contretemps would hardly have been the cause of a permanent estrangement between Henry and the pontiff, whose cause he had championed. When Anne Boleyn was once out of the way, that little business would very easily have blown over. Henry would have done some trifling penance at his subjects' expense, and there would have been an end. But the fact was far otherwise. The divorce was not all. It was, indeed, no more than a match to the combustible material already accumulated and laid in train.

The gradual deterioration of Henry's temper is shown by an infinity of delicate touches. In the early part of his reign the King was much devoted to an athletic life, and was full of generous impulses; towards the end the terror that he inspired was so great that the physician dared not name death to him for fear of incurring the penalties of treason. Mr. Pollard has depended but little upon modern authorities. He has gone, for the most part, direct to the Letters and Papers and other contemporary records. From this results the freshness with which he has been enabled to invest his narrative (in which it would be difficult to say whether the personal side or the historical development is the better done), and the eloquence which clothes many pages of what one feels to be essentially an original and an individual estimate.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

When, three years ago, Dr. Hume Brown sent forth the first instalment of his "History of Scotland," he expected to be able to complete the work in a second volume. The second volume has now been issued, but it only carries on the story from the accession of Mary Stuart to the Revolution of 1689, so that a third volume will be absolutely necessary. On this enlargement the reader is to be congratulated,

* "History of Scotland," Vol. II. By P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D., Fraser Professor of Ancient (Scottish) History in Edinburgh University. 6s. (Cambridge Historical Series.)

for it is due to the importance of the period now dealt with, and the abundance of the materials which lie ready to the historian's hand—an abundance so great that Dr. Brown has only managed to squeeze its substance with difficulty into his severely compressed and closely printed pages. He has wisely refrained from attempting to write a picturesque narrative. That he could only have done—even with the increased space at his disposal—by entirely ignoring many things, a knowledge of which is essential for the proper understanding of the period. He has evidently aimed at producing a lucid, dispassionate and continuous work, comprehensive in its reach, but brief in its statement of all the necessary facts, and heedless of those details which are merely racy or picturesque. The result is eminently satisfactory as a clear, fair, temperate, and trustworthy treatment of the subject within reasonable compass--a matter of considerable consequence to readers who have little leisure. Those who wish to push their enquiries further on any special point will find ample directions in the references and lists of authorities.

In Dr. Brown's opinion, the highest interest and importance of Mary's reign lie in the transference of moral and political force from the nobles to the people; and "the main cause of the rapid growth of a powerful middle class was," he says, "undoubtedly the religious revolution which issued in the overthrow of the ancient church." Concerning the Queen herself, he says:—"Of her grave defects as a woman and as a queen her career can leave us in no manner of doubt. In self-respect, in self-control, in that balance of mind and character which gives weight to judgment and action, Mary was so grievously deficient that we can only regard it as the irony of destiny that so ill-assorted a part was assigned to her in the scheme of things." In the period before her reign, "the political problem of the country had been the relation of the Crown to the nobles"; but in the period to come it was to be "the relation between the Crown and the educated opinion of the nation, as represented by the merchants in the towns and the smaller landowners in the country." This new problem was only to be settled after the struggles of a century at the Revolution of 1689, which saw "the definite triumph of the political and religious ideals which had sprung from the Scottish Reformation."

In writing such a compressed history as this, it was hardly to be expected that inaccuracies could be altogether avoided. The nature of these may be illustrated by a few examples. The Countess of March, according to Dr. Hume Brown, was divorced from the Earl of March for misconduct with the Earl of Arran. It was that misconduct which rendered the divorce necessary; but the action was raised in the court at the instance of the Countess, and was resisted by the Earl of March. Twice in one short paragraph the 23rd of August, 1637, is given as the date of the riot usually associated with the name of Jenny Geddes, whereas it occurred on the 23rd of July. The chief ground, he says, of the Second Bishops' War had been Charles the First's "refusal to ratify the Acts passed against Episcopacy by the Parliament of August, 1639"; and then he goes on to state that when Charles returned to Scotland, in 1641, "he proposed to give the desired ratification without even waiting for the usual 'orders of the house.'" Now, as a matter of fact, no Acts of any kind had been passed by the Scottish Parliament in August, 1639; and the Acts which the King offered in 1641 to ratify were the Acts approved in the Treaty of Westminster, and the Acts so approved were the Acts of June, 1640. Sir James Balfour does not give the 2nd of May, but the second Tuesday of May, as the date of Leslie's victory at Balveny.

The value of the book is enhanced by four maps, a plan of the battle of Dunbar, and a copious table of contents.

D. HAY FLEMING.

THE HOLYHEAD ROAD.*

Mr. Harper has, we should say, an unequalled knowledge of our great highways and their histories; and these two volumes, written and illustrated with his familiar talent for seizing on the curious and picturesque, will need no commendation to those who have already followed his guidance along the Brighton, Portsmouth, Dover, and Great North Roads. Here we have served up for us yet another feast of the romance of the King's Highway—footpads and mounted robbers, hostelries and creaking gibbets, mail-coaches and the feats of their famous whips, roystering squires, Members of Parliament posting to and from their constituencies, sleepy market-towns with the ghosts of dead "beaux" and "toasts" haunting their decayed assembly-rooms; here a bridge, there a railway-train rushing parallel for a while with the line of a traffic it has ousted; here, again, a dip of the road made memorable by a horrid murder, there, again, a wayside imprint of old Rome, all but obliterated by the cinders of factories. We cut the pages, glance at the admirable drawings—so thoroughly English and familiar in spirit—and set forth with Mr. Harper on a new tramp, confident of entertainment.

For a great part of its length the Holyhead Road is actually the old Roman Watling Street. It picks up the "Street" a little this side of St. Albans; runs with it by Dunstable (Downright Dunstable, famous for its highwaymen), by Stony Stratford (left immortal by the *non sequitur* of a disgusted visitor—"You may well call it Stony Stratford: I was never so bitten with fleas in my life!"), by Towcester (where Tom Brown ate his famous breakfast on the way to Rugby: pigeon-pie, ham, cold boiled beef, kidneys and steak, bacon and eggs, buttered toast and muffins, coffee and tea smoking hot—how one remembers that more-than-Olympian meal!), and on to Weedon Beck, where for seventy-odd miles the Road and the Street part company, to cross each other again a few miles on this side of Shrewsbury. Beyond Weedon the Street strays north of the direct line for Anglesey, but at Brownhills (perhaps the ugliest spot in England) suddenly recollects itself and bends off to the left.

> "It is a change that would be inexplicable, were it not for a strange relic that by chance has survived for sixteen hundred years to explain it. This is a mile's length of deserted road that continues the straight line of Watling Street, and then abruptly ends. . . . It is, as a matter of fact, a monument to the incompetence of the surveyor who had the construction of this division of the Watling Street in his charge. The several changes of direction taken here and there along the whole length of this great military way—as, for example, at High Cross and Gailey—are explained by the work having been in progress from both ends at once, and the surveys being somewhat inaccurate; but the official entrusted with the road from Etocetum (Wall) seems to have lost his bearings very badly indeed. . ."

The modern high-road, keeping more to the south, passes through Daventry, Coventry, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton to Wroxeter—and in each of these famous towns Mr. Harper entertains us with good gossip, touched here and there with an acidity of reflection which his readers will have learnt to recognise. At Coventry we pass from Lady Godiva to bicycles and the story of the great cycling "boom" of 1895-7; also the story of its highly unpleasant collapse, the circumstances of which are too recent to be discussed without strong language.

The name of Birmingham arouses mixed feelings and suggests a variety of topics, from Mr. Chamberlain to sham jewellery. A hundred years ago it was said that if you gave a guinea and a copper kettle to a Birmingham manufacturing jeweller he would turn you out a hundred guineas' worth of jewellery. "Things are very different now," says Mr. Harper. So let us be thankful and pass on to Wolverhampton, which "was never the 'wolves' town' of Dr. Mandell Creighton's contemptibly childish etymology, but probably derived its name from Wulfrun, sister of Ethelred II."

Mr. Harper—if an admirer may gently say so—is much too fond of this sort of talk. We are not concerned to defend the late Bishop of London's etymology; likely enough, nay almost certainly, it is incorrect. But this is not the way to reprove it, and we fasten on this merely as a handy example of a provincial trick Mr. Harper will do well to get rid of. The opening sentence of this book supplies another. It runs:

> "'Peace hath its victories, no less renowned than war;' and there is nothing more remarkable than the engineering triumphs that land the Irish Member of Parliament, fresh from the Division Lobby at Westminster, at North Wall, Dublin, spouting treason, in nine hours and a quarter, or bring the Irish peasant, with the reek of the peat-smoke still in his clothes, and the mud of his native bogs not yet dried on his boots, to Euston in the same space of time."

Writing which attains vivacity by such tricks as this sentence illustrates cannot possibly be accurate; even the genius of

* "The Holyhead Road." The Mail-Coach Road to Dublin. By Charles G. Harper. Illustrated by the Author, and with Old-Time Prints and Pictures. 2 Vols. 32s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Macaulay, who brought it into fashion, could not make it accurate; and the trope about "the mud of his native bogs" is very bad Macaulayese. But, though condemned to inaccuracy, it should avoid errors of taste so rank as the above casual allusion to Irish Members' "spouting treason." If Mr. Harper wishes to indict Irish Members of "spouting treason" he should do so—in some other place. He may be able to do so easily and convincingly. But to introduce an assertion of this kind in a clause of a sentence with which it has no concern is to sin against literary taste. Elsewhere he tells us *à propos* of Telford (the great engineer of the Holyhead Road and perhaps the hero of its history) that he designed and constructed a certain little balcony by the side of his road to serve as a *belvedere*,—

"Thus proving his own appreciation of scenery and the possession of that artistic sense denied engineers by architects, who, as a body, are the most intolerant, opinionated, and barbarous set of professional men in existence, ready to ruin an old building for an idea, or to destroy the artistic work of one period to replace it with modern imitations of the especial style that suits their individual opinion."

Mr. Harper's opinion of architects, as a body, may or may not be a just one. But obviously a condemnation of them is not invited by the simple fact which he has to record, that Telford built a balcony over a road in Wales. What on earth had the poor architects to do with it? Such an *obiter dictum* is, in short, a mere violence; for (as Arnold once put it) "abandoning the true mode of intellectual action—persuasion, the instilment of conviction—it simply astounds and irritates the reader by contradicting, without a word of proof or preparation, his fixed and familiar notions." We draw Mr. Harper's attention to this, because he seems to be yielding to a temptation to be "smartly" censorious. His treatment of the famous "Ladies of Llangollen" may be more justifiable; he, at any rate, here sits down to an attack and gives his reasons; but even here he seems to us quite disproportionately ill-tempered. The two ladies are dead; and such trouncing as he indulges in can do no soul alive much good, while it clearly upsets the balance of a writer who, when he restrains himself, is a delightful companion.

A. T. QUILLER COUCH.

A NEW LIFE OF DUMAS THE ELDER.*

A life of the elder Dumas was written some years ago by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; but Mr. Fitzgerald is hardly a biographer who blocks the way for others, and there was plenty of room for Mr. Davidson's more careful and elaborate monograph. Superficially one might say that the difference between the two biographers is the difference between the man who works with a large pair of scissors and the man who works with a small pair; whereas Mr. Fitzgerald quoted by the ell, Mr. Davidson only quotes by the inch. In reality the difference is much deeper. In the case of Mr. Davidson, the operations of the scissors, though rightly and properly extensive, are subsidiary to the operations of the intelligence. His book, though full of anecdotes, is much more than a collection of anecdotes. It is—what no Life of Dumas in any language has hitherto been—an organic whole, a moving picture drawn to illustrate a critical appreciation; and Mr. Davidson possesses most of the qualifications for the adequate performance of such a task. He is diligent in research and lucid in the presentation of his facts; save for the occasional misuse of the word "phenomenal," he writes a prose style which is both scholarly and bright; his sense of humour, though perhaps kept under too strict a discipline, is keen; he is in thorough sympathy with his subject; his knowledge of French literature extends far beyond that particular branch of it with which he is immediately concerned. Any Life of Dumas which may appear hereafter—and one has been announced—will have to be very good indeed if it is not to be superfluous.

For the criticism which consists in picking holes in a book Mr. Davidson has left very little room; though an occasional inconsistency may, perhaps, be noted. The general statement that Dumas' errors in his estimates of other writers "were on the side of generosity" is not fully born out by the particular observation, quoted by Mr. Davidson, that "Dickens is just a very proud gentleman who thinks nothing of others and everything of himself." The bibliography of historical novels arranged in sequence of time omits "La femme au collier de velours." But these are trifling points, and there are very few of them to be made. The only serious objection which is likely to be taken to the work—by some readers, at all events—is that Mr. Davidson does sometimes exhibit a certain reluctance to "let himself go." Artistic restraint is often a valuable quality; but it is not equally required by all subjects, or equally suitable upon all occasions. The biographer who would render the real Dumas truly and convincingly must not be afraid to "dip his pen in purple." Michelet, as is well known, described him as "a force of nature"; he was also, in some respects, a freak of nature. He made Bohemianism glorious by swagger as no other man of letters ever did. His end was like the gradual extinction of a volcano, marked to the last by the glow and glitter of occasional convulsions. Mr. Davidson knows this, and even realises it. But he has only partly rendered it. One must not say that he never dips his pen in purple at all. But it is sometimes an unnecessarily diluted purple, which fails to produce the full pictorial effect. He is a little too much concerned to hold the scales of justice evenly, and to apologise for Dumas. That Dumas needed the apologies no one who studies the facts of his life, whether in Mr. Davidson's pages or elsewhere, is likely to deny; but one cannot help feeling that the omission of the excuses would at once have improved the moral and heightened the colour of the picture. To draw Dumas was, after all, more important than to defend him, especially as he was in most respects so indefensible that any advocate would have been justified in throwing up the brief.

This, however, is hypercriticism, resting, perhaps, more on personal predilections than on general principles. Mr. Davidson has written a very good book indeed; and every reader interested in Dumas has reason to be, and will be, grateful to him.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

* "Alexandre Dumas: His Life and Works." By Arthur F. Davidson, M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

FIVE STUART PRINCESSES.*

The royal ladies chosen to fill the five compartments of this volume are—Margaret, the eldest daughter of James the First of Scotland, who married the Dauphin of France, and died before he ascended the throne as Louis XI.; Elizabeth, the daughter of James the Sixth, who became Queen of Bohemia; her daughter Sophia, the mother of George the First; and Mary of Orange and Henrietta of Orleans, daughters of Charles the First. These five biographies are written by five Oxford men. Mr. Rait, fellow and lecturer of New College, has written the story of the Princess Sophia, and edited the volume. He half apologises for using the spelling "Stuart" on his title-page, seeing that one of the princesses lived in the fifteenth century; and points out that "in her biography the older spelling has been adopted." The excuse was not needed. The form "Stewart" was only one of many in the good old days of free and easy spelling, and it would not be difficult to produce fifteenth century examples of "Stuart." In the memoirs there are occasional traces of the influence of Oxford, as in Mr. Rait's use of the words "English" and "England," and in Mr. Hodgkin's reference to Calderwood's "History of the Church of Scotland" as his "History of the Kirk." Mr. Rait's essay is marred by a few wild dates, which are probably due to the printer. Mr. Hodgkin, in his most interesting contribution on Elizabeth of Bohemia, affirms that she was born "in Falkland Palace," apparently oblivious of the facts that Calderwood gives Dunfermline as the place of her birth, and that Sir Archibald Dunbar holds that Falkland was not the place. In his account of her baptism, he refers to the English Ambassador as *Thomas* instead of *Robert* Bowes. Concerning the baptism he might have quoted Moysie, who explains that "litle or no triumphe wes maid bot in guid faire and cheir, because that it wes in wynter season and ill wether." Mr. Hodgkin tells how the English Parliament, after the outbreak of the civil war, continued a money grant to Elizabeth, partly as a recognition of her sufferings in the cause of Protestantism; but he has not told that in the "Directory for Public Worship," drawn up by the Westminster Assembly of Divines, instructions are given for praying "for the comforting of the afflicted Queen of Bohemia, sister to our Soveraign, and for the restitution and establishment of the

* "Five Stuart Princesses." Edited by Robert S. Rait. 12s. 6d. net. (Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd.)

illustrious Prince Charles, Elector Palatine of the Rhine, to all his dominions and dignities." Mr. Bridge does not believe that the death of Henrietta of Orleans was due to poison. And he is not disposed to believe in her alleged immoralities, although he admits that she was "foolish, injudicious, fond of being admired, eager to please." "The verdict of contemporaries," he says, "is entirely favourable to Henrietta"; yet Gilbert Burnet made the sweeping declaration that "she had no sort of virtue, and scarce retained common decency." All the five essays are pleasantly written; and, if not replete with the evidence of original research, are at least the well-digested result of wide and special reading. One of the most vivid impressions left by their perusal is that, in days of yore, the life of a princess was not an enviable one, even when she had the rare lot of being married to a husband devotedly attached to her.

THE HOUSE OF DOUGLAS.*

Apart from the purely literary and historical merits of this book, which are very considerable, it is valuable as not perhaps initiating but certainly revealing a reaction in favour of the personal, Macaulayan, and Motleyan interpretation of Scottish history. In such excellent works as those of Mr. Hume Brown and Mr. Andrew Lang, national movements and disputed questions count for much; as a consequence personages figure prominently while personalities are kept too much in the background. The enterprise which Sir Herbert Maxwell leads off will help at least to remind us that flesh and blood and heredity have had their historical influence. Messrs. Freemantle have entrusted to the Windsor Herald the task of bringing out a series of histories of "families which have more especially contributed to the development of Great Britain and Ireland." The Houses of Percy and Douglas, so long opposed to each other in history, take precedence, and, thanks to Sir Herbert Maxwell, Douglas wins a posthumous Otterburn. For such a task Sir Herbert Maxwell is undoubtedly better fitted, for example, than for writing a "County History," or even for surveying a crucial period of Scottish history by means of a monograph on Robert the Bruce. Like most country gentlemen, however cultured, "cynical," or sceptical, he has evidently a belief in "blood," and both the eccentricities and the "continuity" that are involved in "blood" could hardly be better illustrated than by the House of Douglas. Mr. Andrew Lang is hard on certain members of the family who had certainly a wonderful faculty for treachery and brutality. It was the character of the Douglases in all probability that made Hill Burton impatiently describe the Scottish nobility as the worst in Europe. Yet Sir Herbert Maxwell pertinently reminds us: "One remarkable feature distinguishes the Douglas from other Scottish families of equal antiquity. Despite repeated forfeitures and the personal vicissitudes befalling the adherents of one or other of the parties which so constantly and so fiercely divided the northern realm, the lands which gave this family their name still remain in the possession of their descendants. Twenty-two generations of Douglases have borne the lordship of that dale for seven centuries, between William of Douglas, the first recorded of the name, down to the present Earl of Home, Lord Douglas of Douglas, who represents the house in the female line." The glory of the Douglas family, however, came to an end with the legislative union between Scotland and England, and so Sir Herbert in effect closes his work with that period. The Scottish families of to-day have divided the Douglas inheritance very much as Alexander's generals divided the empire he left. The Duke of Hamilton claims to represent the male and the Earl of Home the female side of the House; in the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, who has inherited much of the old Douglas territory, are united the line of the Black Douglas, through William of Drumlanrig, natural son of the hero of Otterburn, and the collateral line of the Red Douglas of Angus, while the Earl of Morton perpetuates the Douglases of Lochleven.

The name of Douglas is as familiar as that of Wallace or Bruce or Stewart to the reader of ante-Union Scottish history. "The Good Lord James," who by the way was not quite so good as he might have been in certain respects, the "Tineman," Archibald the Grim, James the Gross, Bell the Cat—Scottish history is inconceivable without them. And yet this is the first connected account of their doings and sufferings that has been published. "A History of Douglas," says Mr. Lindsay, "has never yet appeared, for neither Pedro Pineda nor Hume of Godscroft (as printed), penetrated beyond the threshold—nor till the Public Records had been printed, and family papers unearthed, was it possible to produce an accurate history of many generations. In the case of Douglas the most valuable assistance has been rendered by the late Sir William Fraser, who transcribed and printed for the Earl of Home many of the charters and papers of the Earls of Angus." Sir Herbert has, in filling up this historical gap, made no new discoveries. But he has done his best with the material at his disposal, such as the volumes of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, Sir William Fraser's privately printed "Douglas Book," and Hume of Godscroft's history, which is now lying in manuscript in Hamilton Palace, and ought certainly to be published in its entirety. He is not too confident about anything, especially in connection with the origins of the Douglas House, but he is probably correct in holding that the first recorded Douglas may have received the lands of the name for service done in putting down the rebellion of the men of Moray under Donald Ban, great-grandson of Malcolm Canmore. In any case it should always be remembered in extenuation of the ambition of the Douglases, and of the tortuous methods employed to further it, that they had certain claims on the throne of Scotland. Sir Herbert does not excuse all the "treasons, stratagems, and spoils" of his numerous and too Iagoesque heroes. He further confesses that he has "felt unable to condemn the tenacity with which generation after generation of the chiefs of Douglas clung to the project of the Union of the Crowns, which experience has shown to have been the true solution of the dispute between England and Scotland." He goes too far in crediting the Douglases with far-seeing statesmanship. They took selfishly "short views," especially when they accepted bribes alternately from England and France. "The story is the main thing" in this case most emphatically, and Sir Herbert Maxwell has told his story very well indeed, with the help of quite a wealth of portraits and other illustrations, including a series of Douglas shields and signatures. His dates and other facts are not absolutely impeccable; James Melville, of the Diary, was the nephew, not the son, of the greater Andrew; Margaret Tudor did not die in 1441; and in making his way through the complicated family history of the "Black" and "Red" Douglas he occasionally gets lost in confusion. Altogether, however, there has not been made during recent years a more trustworthy, or a more valuable contribution than this towards the future History of Scotland, which to be at once adequate and picturesque will have to be written both from the personal and from the impersonal point of view.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

* "A History of the House of Douglas." By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. With an Introduction by W. A. Lindsay, Windsor Herald. Two Volumes. 42s. net. (Freemantle.)

MOROCCO.*

With the publication of this comely volume Mr. Budgett Meakin rounds off and completes his Moorish trilogy, the which one gladly acknowledges to be the most important English contribution of modern times to the literature which deals with the sole remaining independent empire of northern Africa. Sunset Land—to use an almost literal translation of its native name—has not been well served by historians, nor yet, for that matter, by romancers; though research can reveal no more consistently romantic and adventurous a story than the history of the land we now call Morocco. Barely a hundred years ago our forefathers in Cheapside were paying annual tribute to the Imperial Autocrat of all the Moors, to ensure their ships against pillage and their men from slavery. Yet to-day a large number of otherwise enlightened citizens walk Cheapside and elsewhere with never a thought for Morocco which is based upon anything like exact knowledge of even its whereabouts. The great Lord Nelson knew better, for he held that Tangier was an even more important and valuable strategic point of vantage than Gibraltar. Here is a sentence quoted from an authority of unquestioned standing which appeared on the title-page of a very entertaining description of travel in Morocco published a few months ago:—

"Gibraltar was not the first place that England occupied in the

* "The Moors." By Budgett Meakin. 15s. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

Mediterranean. Another place had been previously held and abandoned—one of far greater intrinsic value and of incalculable commercial possibilities—Tangier."—W. F. LORD, "England and France in the Mediterranean."

But if we in England are slow to recognise the importance in many ways of the little-known strip of country which faces Europa Point, there is another great Power which is in no danger of overlooking it. The dream of the French foreign politician is of a North African Empire for France. The vanity of the brilliant Frenchman is a force to be reckoned with. There is no vanity which is devoid of any spice of envy. Britain's Indian Empire, and Britain's successful commercial development of Egypt, touch in its innermost places the heart of the French foreign politician. "Please Providence," says he, "Our Oriental Empire shall be at our very back door, a vastly more convenient place than three weeks' journey hence." And so that vague, imaginary line, the Algerian frontier, is steadily, slowly, surely advanced into the realm of his Shareefian Majesty; now under cloak of delimitation, again in the interests of law and order; to-day as the result of a "punitive expedition," and to-morrow by a "surveying party," armed always with quick-firers and the latest things in modern engines of precise destruction. But perhaps Mr. Meakin would scarcely thank us for a semi-political sermon on the text of his useful and treasureable volume.

"The Moorish Empire" was the title of the first volume in Mr. Meakin's trilogy, and it justified its title by presenting readers with a comprehensive, statistical and detailed survey of the Empire of the Moors as such; historical, political, administrative. The second volume, called "The Land of the Moors," was compared by the present reviewer to the centre of a Moorish arch, erroneously called the "horse-shoe" arch, by token of the position which he fancied it would occupy in relation to its fellows of the trilogy. The reviewer fancied that the two sides, or the first and second volumes, would represent by far the biggest part of the arch. Perusal of the concluding volume puts this simile out of court, for it is distinctly less important than its predecessor, which again was a lesser book than "The Moorish Empire." "The Land of the Moors" dealt with the physical features of Morocco, its ports, towns, rivers, coast, mountains, flora and fauna, and the like; whilst the present and final volume is by way of being ethnological, and deals exclusively with the people of El Maghrib, their origin, manners, customs, character and pursuits. On the face of it, one would suppose that this should be the most humanly interesting document of the three, for the study of man, and especially woman, is more interesting to the average man than is any other to which he sets his mind. But in this case, who so reckoned, reckoned without his host; and Mr. Meakin is far too careful, painstaking, and exact a host to be forgotten in this way.

The reason that the best of his three books was the first, was that the nature of that volume gave the freest scope to Mr. Meakin's bent in authorship; its subject was more fitted to the display of his special talents than was that of the second volume, which again was better suited to his gifts than that of "The Moors." It is as a tabulator of exact and laboriously gleaned facts, figures, references, and general data, that Mr. Meakin shows the most ability. Unaware of this, the casual reader might well have regretted, whilst perusing the first volume of this trilogy, the complete absence of the personal note, the notable lack of that vital though indefinable something which serves in works of art to convey the atmosphere of a country, the essence of a situation, the soul of a people. And the more he knew of Morocco, the more the reader would be apt to resent this void in a comprehensive and elaborate work. For, when all is said, the great beauty, the really wonderful fascination of the Land of the Setting Sun, lies in its mystery and romance; a charm of atmosphere, and not of demonstrable facts. But a glance at the concluding chapters of Volume II., "The Land of the Moors," satisfies one that the author showed wisdom and tact in his methods. His is not at all the artist's part, and his introduction of the personal, would-be lightsome touch, even in a few pages, forms something of a blot upon an otherwise admirable book. The field of fact, and that alone, is the field for the author of these valuable books. And this, one may say at once, causes his work to stop short of anything like greatness, though it does not at all militate against the practical value and exceeding usefulness of these Moroccan text-books, to which the present reviewer, as a student and a lover of Morocco, desires to pay tribute of sincere and grateful respect.

"To the memory of my Father, who loved the Moors; and to those noble men and women who have devoted, or who will hereafter devote, their lives to spreading the truth of the Gospel among them, this volume is with admiration dedicated."

So runs the somewhat cumbersome dedication of "The Moors," and one ventures to say that this will ensure its enthusiastic quotation in every coast town in Morocco before very long. So far as English books are concerned this handsome trilogy will probably earn the name and repute of a standard work, and that being so, the dedication of this final volume becomes a feather in the cap of the Morocco missionaries indeed, and one, too, which will be the more eagerly appreciated by token that their admirers and supporters have hitherto for the most part been numbered among those who knew least of the country in which they live and carry on their work. Mr. Meakin's unquestionable knowledge of Morocco lends great value to his tribute; but it is none the less a fact that the otherwise commendable warmth of his feelings in religion sometimes interferes with the logical value of his work as historian.

"Truthfulness is not a quality which need be sought for in Morocco, for the Moors have no conception of what we understand by that term, any more than Orientals generally. Protestant Christian countries alone have developed the high ideal on which their religion is based, and this has made 'the word of an Englishman' the best description of a truthful statement known to Moors. Lying comes as second nature to the unregenerate man, and will remain a characteristic of the Moors, as of all others, until they learn the Way of Truth."

As religious writing that is weak, because it narrows the field and scope of Christianity by naming "Protestant countries." As historical writing it is worse than weak. As a fact, the quoted phrase, "the word of an Englishman," or "speaking English," has been borrowed by the Moors from a Christian country in which truth-telling is quite as rare a virtue as it is in Morocco—Spain, to wit.

So admirably explicit and minute are Mr. Meakin's descriptions of Moorish clothing, cooking, and the like, that a tailor and a cook acting upon them might surely present one in complete Moorish attire at a strictly Moorish dinner in the heart of London; for the descriptions include patterns, diagrams, menus, and recipes; though one must look elsewhere for the essence and atmosphere of these things; the something which makes Moorish feasts vastly entertaining, and Moorish dress most marvellously graceful and dignified. But why, in speaking of the Moor's preference for eating deliberately, within-doors, and at his ease, does the author affirm that they would be "horrified at the idea of *dejeuner à la fourchette*," which, barring the fork, is as much an institution in Morocco as in Europe?

In the first part of "The Moors" one is given a most detailed exposition of Moorish houses, manner of living, clothing, furniture, food, courtesies, domestic service, country life, arts and manufactures, and such-like matters. In the second part, which is mainly ethical, we have the same minute and exact observation brought to bear upon the moral characteristics, religious practices, educational methods, superstitions, and marriage and funeral ceremonies of the Moors; and in the third part one finds a very readable description of those dwellers in El Maghreb who are not Moors. Especially interesting are the pages devoted to Jewish practices, of which, particularly on the religious side, the author seems to have a more complete, because a more sympathetic, understanding, than he brings to bear upon Mohammedan affairs. One of the Moorish Jewish ceremonies which is here put before readers, the said readers are hereby cautioned against witnessing for themselves, should chance and Barbary Jewish hospitality ever put them in the way of it; and that is the ceremony of circumcision, which, in Morocco, is a festival the *piece de resistance* of which is a very disgusting spectacle.

There is scarcely a page in "The Moors" which, from the interesting nature of the facts set forth upon it, does not lend itself readily to quotation. Thus, with but a limited

space at his command, the reviewer is embarrassed by the wealth of choice afforded by the volume. And this being so, he will content himself in recommending all and sundry who have any interest in the sole remaining country within easy reach of Europe in which living Bible pictures may still be found in the everyday life of the natives, to obtain and study for themselves "The Moors" and the two volumes which preceded it.

A SPECULATION IN FOLKLORE.*

This much-travelled and curiously-accomplished author has won a dubious fame by translating M. Zola's novels for the British public, who might have been spared the knowledge of them. For that service one cannot feel grateful. He has done a better thing in "The Lover's Progress," which pleads in favour of what Germans call "wild marriage," but is otherwise a true and lively picture of modern French manners, drawn with some strength and tenderness. But Mr. Vizetelly is fond of questionable subjects. In "Bluebeard," whether taken as myth or history, he has found one to his liking. The nursery tale dates only as far back as Charles Perrault, whose "Contes" were published in 1697. They included Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, the Sleeping Beauty, and other stories known to every generation of children since. And they have given to folklore no end of dark but entertaining problems, of which "Bluebeard" furnishes not the least difficult. Where Perrault got his materials, from what sources he worked them up, how they existed, if at all, before his time, are a series of conundrums to be debated, when they cannot be answered, by heaping together facts and guesses from the romantic literature of East and West. No conclusion is arrived at in these four hundred pages, except the negative one that we shall never find out where the story-teller came by his immortal wife-killer. The folklore interest soon yields to another, less innocent nor without its perils. In relating the legendary fragments which hang round "Comorre ar Miliguet," Comorre the Accursed, Mr. Vizetelly is turning to picturesque English prose a chapter of old Armorican adventures, taken, for the most part, from M. de la Borderie's "Histoire de Bretagne." When, however, we pass to the life, trial, and execution of Gilles de Rais, which occupies three-fourths of this volume, it becomes impossible to pretend a scientific coolness, and the doubt forces itself upon us repeatedly whether even so qualified and temperate a version of an abnormal career is in any degree proper to be cast upon the market. Reticence, indeed, has been observed; and Mr. Vizetelly considers that he is justified by the example of M. l'Abbé Bossard, who dedicated his work to Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers. But there were local reasons why M. Bossard should investigate this unpleasant matter; he was desirous of clearing Jean de Malestroit, Bishop of Nantes, the ecclesiastical judge at whose hands Rais incurred excommunication. Other works also existed in French, dealing with the "Exterminating Beast." One does not perceive any pressing necessity why a popular account of him should be spread among English readers. Students would always have known where to look for the original documents, which are to be found in more than one library, and are easily accessible.

It is fair that we should allow, under the circumstances, that the author has been discreet; and that as a contribution to medieval history these extraordinary chapters throw light on an age when magic and miracles won equal credence. The fate and fortunes of Joan of Arc become more intelligible as we grow accustomed to the atmosphere in which Gilles de Rais, premier baron of Brittany, Marshal of France, a Montmorency by descent, skilled in every accomplishment of his time, could practise alchemy while endowing religion, and cultivate a species of homicidal Manicheism within a dozen years of the invention of printing. Michelet saw the romantic depth as well as the gaunt reality that such a story discloses, by the side of which harmless folklore pales into the diversion of a rainy afternoon. But for indiscriminate reading the mythical Bluebeard is more commendable. At the same time, Mr. Vizetelly is careful not to approach M. Huysmans even from a distance; so much his Anglo-Saxon training has done for him, and so far is well.

* "Bluebeard, an Account of Comorre the Cursed and Gilles de Rais." By Ernest A. Vizetelly. Pp. xii.-418. 9s. net. (London: Chatto and Windus.)

SICILIAN PICTURES.*

M. Paul Bourget once wrote a story, the name of which I forget, that began brilliantly in a garden at Palermo, and ended, I think, on the steamer at Messina. But the enchanted island which comes between was, by some oversight, left out. M. Bourget had so much subtle Parisian psychology to disentangle that his *mis-en-scène* thinned off into mere canvas, and the Parc Monceau would have suited him better than the cloisters of Monreale. But if any home-keeping Briton desires to learn what Sicily is like, let him send for this quiet and graceful little sketch, as pretty a piece, and, in its demure way, as romantic as some pages of Hawthorne's "Transformation." Epithets may be abused, and one would not daub them on a delicate bit of handling which is content to be sincere, without show, yet really firm at most points, and never at all affected. It is the story told in letters of an elderly man's awakening attachment to a young English girl (but seen through an American air) whom he has met in the hotel at Syracuse, not far from the Latomia of the Cappuccini,—that flower-mantled underground prison in which the Athenian captives died twenty-three centuries ago. These two begin their unconscious Theocritean poem by talking "Epoca Greca,"—Thucydides, Freeman, and the rest, with some amusing characters about them, and the classic ages looking on. Then they feel the charm of Sicily as it is, white, sunburnt, savage, enticing; a world of the ficus Indica, huge olive-trees, shaggy goats and goatherds, beautiful wild children, intense bright skies, ruins overrun with vegetation, and Ætna biding its time under a crown of snows. Much else is worked into the picture, all true to this fascinating idle life. But Doris and her elderly lover tell us nothing about what they do not see. They take delight in the Sicilians, and shyly in one another. Of the singular conditions under which *Maffia* and *Camorra* flourish in the Island they never speak. Just the wonderful landscape and the people as they move across it; and how unlike England it is; all with a sympathy, yet a distance that only those can feel who, not being Catholics, travel through Italy in a dream. But their dream brings back the genuine local colour. They see, if they do not understand.

Their Syracuse, perhaps, is the best picture they have drawn. Yet how good is their Castro Giovanni, old heathen Henna, which one sees perched on its mountain-top, high above the rolling green valleys that take us into the sulphur-country! And Girgenti, with its temples and its ragged boys, those angels in torn remnants, soft-voiced, amusing, capable when they grow up of such murders as made the Lega Nera infamous a few years since, but did not startle them. Charming Sicilians, poor beyond any poverty known to decent Englishmen, serious, unmanageable, reserved, thinking it no sin to cheat strangers who will never miss it, and, as "Alice's boy" Jack says, in his dandified way, mere "natives" after all. Jack makes that remark at Palermo, which is admirably "done" for us, and where the story ends in a subdued, rather touching, yet smiling scene, poetically just, nor, let us hope, improbable. The elderly lover wins his Doris; Jack, who has plenty of time, goes out. There is a deal to be said about Normans, Greeks, Saracens; about the strange palaces at Bagheria; about the vineyards, above which stand or lie the remains of Solunto; about the wine, honey, cheese, and black bread of the country; but it must wait for its chance. Doris, with her Greek name, is only an English-American girl, not a philosopher on his travels. Yet her open eyes have seen Sicily, and we throw her a garland of its blossoms at parting, with our heartiest thanks.

THE CROMWELLIAN UNION.†

To this volume of papers relating to the negotiations for an incorporating union between England and Scotland in 1651 and 1652, printed for the Scottish History Society, Mr. Sanford Terry has prefixed a long and lucid introduction, explaining the proposals for, and the steps taken to secure, a union of the Parliaments in Cromwell's time; and, in doing so, travels a long way beyond the period covered by the papers in the text. He shows, indeed, how the Union was

* "By the Waters of Sicily." By Norma Lorimer. 10s. 6d. net. (London: Hutchinson and Co.)

† "The Cromwellian Union." Edited with Introduction and Notes by C. Sanford Terry, M.A. (Edinburgh: For the Scottish History Society, 1902.)

actually completed, and how it lapsed when the Long Parliament was restored in 1659. In the text Mr. Terry has brought to light many hitherto unprinted documents from the Portland Manuscripts. Unfortunately, the value of these is much impaired by the terrible havoc which has been made of the proper names. No explanation is vouchsafed as to who is responsible for these disconcerting and numerous blunders which disfigure and disgrace the work; and it is only on rare occasions that dubiety is indicated by a point of interrogation. It is hardly safe for one who has not had access to the MSS. to suggest what these names ought to have been; but there is little risk in supposing that *Lander* should be *Lauder*, that *Homsone* should be *Thomsone*, that *Incolsone* should be *Nicolsone*, that *Damson* should be *Adamson*, that *Witch* should be *Welch*, that *Lentoone* should be *Lentrone*, that *Butherland* should be *Sutherland*, and that *Sernnay* should be *Fernnay*. It may be guessed that *Passone* is a mis-reading for an old form of *Lawson*, and *Sorbeir* of *Forbes;* but it is hard to recognise the honest Scottish patronymics disguised as *Wermtoshire*, *Horsbrinke*, *Pundervile*, *Dunooome*, *Dolebglace*, *Qukythin*, *Inkhill*, *Brodnosblym*, *Wagahaire*, and *Neckithow*. Some of the better-known men have been identified by Mr. Terry, but not always satisfactorily. "Jo. Milne," one of the deputies of Edinburgh, "is described by Lamont," says Mr. Terry, "as a mason." Lamont, however, refers to him as "the measson"; and afterwards as "the great measter measson att Edinburgh." He was, in fact, as the old tomb-stone in Greyfriars' Churchyard records, the fourth John Milne, "and, by descent, from father unto son, sixth master mason to a royal race of seven successive kings."

Novel Notes.

HOOKEY: A COCKNEY BURLESQUE. By A. Neil Lyons. 1s. and 2s. (Unwin.)

This sub-title is inaccurate, and a curious injustice to the book, which is very much more than a burlesque. It is, in fact, a faithful little study of real life as it is lived in the meaner streets of Paddington. "Hookey" herself is, at the start, a small, red-haired girl, shrewd, sharp-tongued, kindly, precociously worldly-wise, left to look after herself and fully able to do it. She "mothers" a dissipated uncle, who is famous at a neighbouring hostelry as "Irrevocable Grand President of the United Covenant of Free Debaters," and she constitutes herself sole manager of his tobacco and sweetstuff shop. She grows up to know something of the mystery of love; and she and her Uncle William, and Mr. Bimming, Clement Pole, May, "May's Toff," Jeremiah, who relates this history of "Hookey," with the evangelistic wife of Jeremiah and the rest of "Hookey's" circle, are a group of characters as human and as vividly drawn as any you will find outside the pages of Dickens. Mr. Lyons knows his London; he has studied its motley humanity with sympathy and insight, and tells his story of it here with a restrained pathos, a delightfully quaint humour, and a genuine narrative power that, in Jonson's phrase, seem to "mark him for continuance."

JAIR THE APOSTATE. By A. G. Hales. 6s. (Methuen.)
McGLUSKY. By A. G. Hales. 6s. (Treherne.)

Mr. Hales delights in heroes of the brawny, fighting variety, and he writes about them in a live, lusty, fighting style of his own. In an earlier novel this year, "The Viking Strain," he gave us a muscular hero inspired by the strong, warlike spirit of the ancient Vikings. "McGlusky" is another Viking of a dfferent strain; and in "Jair the Apostate," as if no mere imaginary strong man contented him, Mr. Hales falls back upon Samson himself. This story of Samson, of his circumvention by the cowardly Jair, of his headstrong love and marriage, his daring in battle, his muscular prowess, and his final betrayal by Delilah, is fashioned with no little skill, and holds the reader throughout by its prevailing human interest. Only a man of exceptional versatility could give us "Jair" with the one hand, and "McGlusky" with the other, as Mr. Hales has done this season. "McGlusky" is Samson reincarnated as a Scot-Australian, and differing from his ancient self in all but his abnormal muscular development and his old barbarous fighting proclivities; his fierce barbarity is mitigated, or aggravated, by his religious convictions, and he has acquired as pawky and racy a humour as we have met with for a long while in any character living between covers. For McGlusky does live—he is a veritable creation, and if his adventures during the recent war are sometimes too good to be true, they are nevertheless distinctly good, and will be read with delight wherever they are opened.

A WILFUL WOMAN. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Lane.)

In "A Wilful Woman," Mr. Burgin takes us to that (or those) "Four Corners," where he is always at his best. His quaint pictures of Canadian village life are good; his presentations of "Old Man," and Ikey, and "Miss Wilks," the mule, are still better; but perhaps his presentation of Miss Wilks, the wilful woman, is best of all. The story is the story of Miss Wilks' love of "Old Man," and his and Ikey's love of her. Miss Wilks is offended with "Old Man" because, out of his affection for Ikey, he avoids her and shrinks from taking the happiness he yearns for; and Ikey is offended with him, believing he is all the while striving to win that wilful woman away from him. Mr. Burgin unravels these tangled threads with touches of grotesque pathos, and with all that sunny, kindly humour of his which charms us to forgive so many of his own wilfulnesses of style. The book is picturesquely and interestingly written, and "Old Man," and the mule, and Miss Wilks live well up to their reputations right through it.

SPLENDID MOURNING. By Cranstoun Metcalfe. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

This is a novel of literary women and the life they live in London, and we have rarely read a story of literary life that has come nearer to the truth. The flippant, capable Ethel Campbell (known to her intimates as "E.C."), and the sedater, more matronly Minnie Duckworth, who contribute "solid slabs of fiction to *Merrick's Monthly*," are as vividly real as if two actual lady novelists had served as models for them, as perhaps they did; no less real is the mediocre, complacently successful and detestable Archibald Merrick, editor of *Merrick's Monthly*, and reader to that eminent firm of publishers—Messrs. Turner and James. The tragedy of the book is that Mrs. Glanville, happy in a generous, affluent husband, from lionising literary people is seized with a mania for writing fiction, and produces a successful book, and in the vanity of her heart devotes herself wholly to this new ambition, succeeds in it, loses interest in her husband and his aims as a rising barrister and Member of Parliament, and, drifting apart from him, throws away real happiness for the larger shadow of it. The story is cleverly written, and, being intensely human, is intensely interesting.

A MODERN MONARCH. By Frank C. Lewis. 6s. (Unwin.)

If this is a first book, as we suspect it is, the author may be congratulated upon it. He should have avoided the obvious trick of calling his conquering hero Mr. Cæsar; it is too obvious to be effective, and it betrays him into allowing his heroine to address the hero as "Cæsar" in order to play the trick for all it is worth; she would no more have done so really than she would have called him "Smith," if Smith had been his surname. Cæsar is ambitious. Muriel loves him, and almost tells him so, but he is too obtuse or self-absorbed to understand. On his recommendation she marries his friend, Tommy Taylor, and Cæsar goes out to a country called Uralia, bent on doing great things. He is accompanied by two almost too-adoring friends; they reorganise the affairs of Uralia, and, in spite of one of his friends proving false, Cæsar becomes its President, and returns to England covered with glory. The story is brightly written; its shortcomings are the result of inexperience, not of incompetence, and if Mr. Lewis only fulfils the promise of this work in his next he should score a success.

A FIVE YEARS' TRYST. By Sir Walter Besant. 6s. (Methuen.)

Whatever else they were not, Sir Walter Besant's short stories, like his novels, were always eminently readable, and this last little collection deserves that praise, at least. "The Memory Cell" is an experiment in the fantastic type of story Sir Walter generally handled very successfully; "Kerb and Gutter" is a romance of low life that opens realistically enough, and closes in unlimited idealism. Except for "A Five Years' Tryst," and "The Luck of the *Susan Bell*,"

both of which show their author almost at his best, the remaining stories in the book are either so mechanical in construction that you can see the machinery, or so thin that their end is visible from the beginning, and yet they are written with a charm and practised cunning that draws the reader on and interests him in spite of himself.

SEVEN LADIES AND AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE. By Mamie Bowles. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Arthur Ashwell, an affluent bachelor, comes down to breakfast one morning and finds this remarkable letter awaiting him: "Beloved, so you will never marry anyone who does not say to you of her own accord, 'I love you'? Well, *I* love you, and therefore have written this. But I am a woman, and afraid . . . so I bear no name. But on the coming Sunday I shall wear blue. By a touch of blue upon my hat or gown you will know whom to answer, or with whom in courtesy to maintain silence." Ashwell is perturbed, naturally, but on the whole pleased; he is contented the difficulty of making up his mind should be settled for him in this fashion. But at church, on Sunday, seven ladies of his acquaintance are wearing blue, and the question is, which of the seven wrote that letter? He suspects and tests each in turn during the ensuing days, and in four or five instances sees, or thinks he sees, grounds for his suspicions; but through many doubts and embarrassments and a perilously narrow escape from making a wrong choice, he makes the right choice in the end, and profits by the letter, though it was only written in jest. The opening pages drag a little owing to the necessity of introducing the seven ladies and cataloguing their charms, but once the story gets fairly under weigh it goes brightly and smartly enough, and makes a very diverting little comedy.

WHEN LOVE FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW By Leonard Merrick. 6s. (Pearson.)

When Poverty comes in at the door, Love, the proverb has it, flies out of the window. The further state of affairs which has, seemingly, been shirked by proverbial philosophy, is now recounted with charm and ability by Mr. Leonard Merrick. When Love flies out of the window there must of necessity be pain, and some self-questioning on the part of the persons who have, and have been, loved; a self-questioning which is ugly and, though unavoidable, not very creditable. The present story, however, is by no means made up of gloom and sordidness and matrimonial bickerings; indeed, more than two-thirds of the book are passed before that trouble begins. It is a story of a nice girl and a literary man; a nice girl with a good voice forced by circumstances to the rank and struggles of a chorus girl, who is lured by false statements to a vile music-hall in Paris, from which she is rescued by the literary man. The love-story is adroitly and gracefully told, it is bright and unconventional, but the most serious work of the writer is given to the delineation of his hero, Ralph Lingham, when poverty is hovering at the door, and finally steps across the threshold. Lingham is clever, has a knowledge of the world, an excellent heart, and an average temper; but he is whipped to irritability, even to cruelty, by anxiety, overwork, and the loss of self-respect which comes when he is forced to allow his wife to return to the stage and dance and sing, to help to support him as well as herself. In Paris Love comes; in New York it returns; it is in grimy, unromantic London that it flies out over the dome of St. Paul's (as may be seen by the cover); and realistic pictures are given of all three cities, with a distinctness which proves care and some personal knowledge. This is a good novel, and the foundation of the hero's unkindness is rather admirable than otherwise in these days of working-wives.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons out from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see p. 214), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ANCESTOR: A Quarterly Review of County and Family History. 5s. net. (Constable.)

The second number of this attractive quarterly succeeded in improving upon its predecessor—or perhaps we should say its ancestor. We are glad to see that our suggestion with regard to the title-page has been adopted, whereby the appearance of the work has been manifestly improved. The contents are extremely varied, and the writing is good, without, however, any exception of cleverness, of which there is abundance. We can barely enumerate an article by Mr. Andrew Lang on the "Gowrie Conspiracy and the Gowrie Arms," an able paper on the fleur-de-lys and its variations, some notes upon two of our oldest families, the Wakes and the Tichbornes, and the first of a series of papers on Huguenot families in England, dealing with the Tryons. Research in this direction will be much assisted by the complete index to their extremely detailed publications which we understand that the Huguenot Society are going to publish in the course of the next year or so. Our doubts as to the continued vivacity of the columns headed "What is Believed" appear to have been ill-founded. It is a genuine relief, too, to find that the scientific genealogist is not always so iconoclastic as he has been represented; for here we have the editor vindicating the famous footman pedigree, which the industry of Dr. Furnivall has traced out for the poetic house of Browning. The poet's great-grandfather was, we are assured, a publican of the Woodyates Inn, near Pentridge, Dorset, and this same Robert—Robert I.—"shall have a father, maugre Mr. Gosse, and that father shall stand behind Sir John Bankes's chair." And this leads to some airy persiflage upon the ancestral aperies of Victor Hugo, concerning which we should like to hear more. The illustrations in the present number are exceptionally interesting. There are some beautiful shields from King's Langley Church; there are also some extremely fascinating swords, mostly of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, from the Morgan Williams collection. Of the four portraits belonging to the Society of Antiquaries which are reproduced here, that of Mary of Bohemia, a sister of Charles V., has the greatest charm. Of the portrait entitled Jane Seymour Mrs. Nathan is undoubtedly right in questioning the identity. If Holbein's portrait of Jane in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna be an authentic likeness, this is clearly the presentment of another and far less attractive woman.

ORPHEUS IN THRACE, and Other Poems. By the late John B. Leicester Warren, Lord de Tabley. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

These posthumous poems are not mere gleanings from a well-reaped field, for the memory of a very genuine poet would have been wronged had they been left forgotten and ungathered. "Orpheus in Thrace" has strength in it to widen the circle of his admirers, as well as to seal the friendship which his grave and sympathetic verse has inspired in his old readers. Lord de Tabley claims us only in certain hours. He never forces our moods. He waits for the fitting moment, and when we want the company of one who has resolutely faced the sorrow of life and never whimpered, we do well to turn to him. A minor poet, yet he has treated great themes, and never presumptuously. He cannot trifle, but for all his austerity he can bring refreshment—from the woods and meadows he knew and loved at least as well as his bookshelves. The present volume is not exhilarating; but if its occasional hopeless note stirs pain, it presents likewise

an anodyne. Only a minor poet, yet Lord de Tabley was big enough, in uttering distress, not to utter merely his own, but to utter the eternal distress of man, which is closely allied to man's greatness. It is not himself, it is not Orpheus only, it is age crying over the lost glory of youth he sings in the opening poem, a lament for the "Orpheus of the grand attempt" now "stumbling along the granite glens of Thrace"; but age with the dream of a new youth to come.

"If death be slumber, I shall surely dream
That I am walking with Eurydice.
If death be wakeful, and I know it is,
I shall arise and joyous greet her there,
And shade and shadow we will mix and greet."

"Orpheus in Thrace" is a fine poem, worthy, in fact, of Tennyson. But there is something more individual, more gravely harmonious in "A Parting," which is the treasure of the volume. It will bear being read with Swinburne in our memory, and such lines as these will not soon be forgotten—

"Wasted and worn that passion must expire,
Which swept at sunrise like a sudden fire
Across the whitened crest of happy waves.
Now lonely in a labyrinth of graves,
His footsteps foiled, his spirit bound and numb,
Gray Love sits dumb.

"Shall we bewail in ashes, O my sweet,
How lame our youth where once he journeyed fleet?
Shall we lament this love that comes and goes?
'Tis but the petal of a bramble-rose.
Of all our kisses sure the end has come.
Love's lute be dumb!"

THE CAREER AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR WILLIAM WHITE. By H. Sutherland Edwards. 12s. net. (Murray.)

As a general rule a distinct line of cleavage exists between the consular and diplomatic service, so that it is rare to find an official passing from the one to the other. This difficult feat was accomplished by Sir W. White, who rose from a stool in the consular office at Warsaw to the dignified and important position of British Ambassador at Constantinople. His good fortune was due to the lucky chance which placed him at Bucharest at the time when the Roumanians were breaking the bonds of Turkish suzerainty, and to the marked foresight and ability which he displayed in that difficult crisis. Students of contemporary politics in the Balkan peninsula will find this volume—which contains a selection from Sir William White's correspondence—of some considerable interest and historical value.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY SARAH LENNOX (1745-1826). Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale. Illustrated. 2 Vols. 32s. net. (John Murray.)

The real historical pictures which are chiefly remembered, the pictures which are realised of some particular period, with its characteristics, beauties, fashions, and foibles, are those which come to us accidentally, as one might term it, by the way, from the unstudied, intimate words of those who were of the period itself. Such pictures, vivid, vivacious, and peculiarly interesting we find in abundance in these most attractive volumes of letters. Lady Sarah Lennox was the daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, a high-spirited beauty, a personality, beloved of a King, a reigning toast, a loyal friend, a woman of impulse, but also of sense and observation. She was twice married, first to Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, a gallant of his day, from whom she was divorced; secondly to the Hon. George Napier. And not the least of her claims to fame and remembrance is that of being the mother of the three Napier brothers, Charles, George, and William, who served so brilliantly in the Peninsular War. Lady Sarah's letters are full of charm, and also of historical, political, and social interest. They touch in a spirited, intelligent manner on things private and things public, and together with the array of portraits of notabilities included in the volumes present a clear and fascinating picture of the days when George the Third was King.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A PRINCESS. By the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." (Harpers.)

Ouida—the glorious early Ouida—is justified. Petty reviewers, who have talked lightly of extravagance in Miss Corelli's portraits and estimates of humanity, may hide their heads for shame. "The Tribulations of a Princess" is autobiography, and before its recital the most romantic and passionate creations of fiction shrink and look pale. The two delightful writers we have named must feel some regret for their past restraint; for with all due deference to their imagination and daring, they have never conceived anything quite so magnificent as the princess heroine of this book. The annoying thing, to them, must be she is as one of their own creations, but she has "gone one better," and in the world that is the world of all of us. They have shown themselves at ease in the company of nobles of high degree. But in the pages before us we hobnob with Emperors. Our princess has all the Courts of Europe for her playground—after the most romantic and improbable of childhoods—and it is her supreme if inconvenient privilege never to have any intercourse at all save with sublime saints or black-hearted villains. She herself is a thing of wind and flame—a creature of passions and moods, divinely poetical, and with an awful temper. "It is but seemly that I should here confess the fact—if it be of any interest—that I was endued with an extraordinarily exasperating turn of mind myself, and that the tact and patience required to tame such a nature as mine is hardly ever to be found on this earth." Naif and winning confession! The spirit of the early Ouida will claim her for its own. Perhaps Miss Corelli will experience more proprietary emotions in reading this: "When he had gone, I sat down by the fire and fell into one of my customary deep reveries, which was, however, rather disagreeably interrupted by my suddenly noticing that the long train of my white velvet Court dress . . . was slowly beginning to burn." Her book is written in a mixture of gorgeous English, colloquial French, and other people's poetry. The use of English is explained by the fact that the princess consoled herself for her aristocratic tribulations in the devotion of "Fred." Further chapters of her exciting romance are promised.

The New Books of the Month.

JULY 15TH TO AUGUST 15TH, 1902.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BROOKS, RT. REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.—The Law of Growth, and other Sermons, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*
[A collection of serious and illuminating sermons by the late Bishop of Massachusetts.]

HORTON, J.—My Search for Truth, and What I Found, 2/6 *Williams & Norgate*
[An interesting account of the doubts and questionings of a man shaken by bereavement, and persevering in a quest for truth. The writer grew up with a belief in conditional immortality, but finding it a useless creed to him in time of stress, forsook it, and relates here what he found in its stead. He treats of "Matter, Mind, and Evolution, and Christ, the human ideal." A second volume is promised.]

KNIGHT, J. J.—Sermons in Brief, 1/- net ..... *A. H. Stockwell*
[Short, pertinent papers on a variety of Bible subjects, applied to everyday life. They would serve as studies for longer discourses.]

MCLEOD, MALCOLM JAMES.—Heavenly Harmonies for Earthly Living, 2/- net ..... *James Robinson, Manchester*
[Bracing, energetic utterances, forceful in teaching, and set off by anecdote, quotation and common similes. Fresh and vivid sermons, arresting, and unconventional in style.]

RAE, REV. H. ROSE.—How Jesus Handled Holy Writ, 2/6 *A. H. Stockwell*
[Displays cleverness, and at times, perhaps, a little acerbity; but also stimulates to individual thought and the strengthening of opinions.]

SLADE, GEORGE.—Water, Dust, and Heat, 1/- *Passmore & Alabaster*
[The creation of the world is explained by the author in these full, detailed comments on the first chapter of Genesis. He argues that science does not clash with truth; and his little volume is an answer to various writers who hold other views on the subject of the Creation.]

SMITH, REV. W. M.—The Altar Boy's Own Book *Art & Book Co.*
[Designed to help and guide altar boys on their entrance into the busier life of the world.]

VENTING, REV. R.—Fragrant Flowers from the King's Gardens, 3/6 *Simpkin, Marshall*

[That the sun is the origin of beauty, the secret of all growth, the power which stimulates to life, is one of the facts most dwelt on by Mr. Venting in his volume of fruitful thoughts, and is likened by him to the divine light of righteousness. The book is full of rich illustration, trenchant truth, and keen but sympathetic observation.]

WINNINGTON-INGRAM, RIGHT REV. A. F., D.D.—The Blessing of Peace, 6d. net ..... *Wells Gardner*

[The sermon preached before their Majesties the King and Queen in St. Paul's Cathedral at the Thanksgiving Service for Peace, in June.]

NEW EDITIONS.

Chronicles, The First and Second Books of. Edited by Venerable Archdeacon A. Hughes Games, D.D. Temple Bible. 1/- net *Dent*

Ezekiel, The Book of the Prophet. Edited by O. C. Whitehouse, D.D. Temple Bible. 1/- net ..... *Dent*

HAMMOND, REV. E. PAYSON.—Early Conversion, 1/- *Passmore & Alabaster*

Jeremiah, The Book of. And Lamentations. Edited by Tyrell Green, M.A. Temple Bible. 1/- net ..... *Dent*

Psalms, The Book of. Edited by A. W. Streane, D.D. Temple Bible. 1/- net ..... *Dent*

Revelation. Edited by C. Anderson Scott, M.A. The Century Bible. 1/- net ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

Song of Soloman, The. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Andrew Harper, D.D. Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. 1/6 net ..... *Camb. Univ. Press*

St. Mark's Gospel. Edited by Sir A. Hort, Bart., M.A. 2/6 net *Camb. Univ. Press*

FICTION.

BAGOT, RICHARD.—A Roman Mystery, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

BARING GOULD, S.—Miss Quillet, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

BECKE, LOUIS.—The Strange Adventure of James Shervinton. Illustrated. 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*

BESANT, SIR WALTER.—A Five Years' Tryst, and Other Stories, 6/- *Methuen*

BLAIR, TORIN.—Belinda, 1/- ..... *Bousfield*

[Belinda talks on many subjects, has moods, and admirers, and new ideas. Mr. Gildroyd calls upon her often, listens, sympathises, and finally adores her. The calls, during which Mr. Gildroyd drinks tea to excess, are chronicled by him here in dialogue form, and make a vivacious volume.]

BOWEN-ROWLANDS, LILIAN.—The Passion of Mahael, 6/- *Fisher Unwin*

[In this able story of humble Welsh life the author portrays the turbulent emotions of a circle of fisher-folk. Mahael Roche marries a good woman, the possessor of a little money, while he loves a poor girl of his own village; and these crude elements are worked into a tale, distinguished for its naturalness, directness, and sustained interest.]

BURGIN, G. B.—A Wilful Woman, 6/- ..... *John Long*

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